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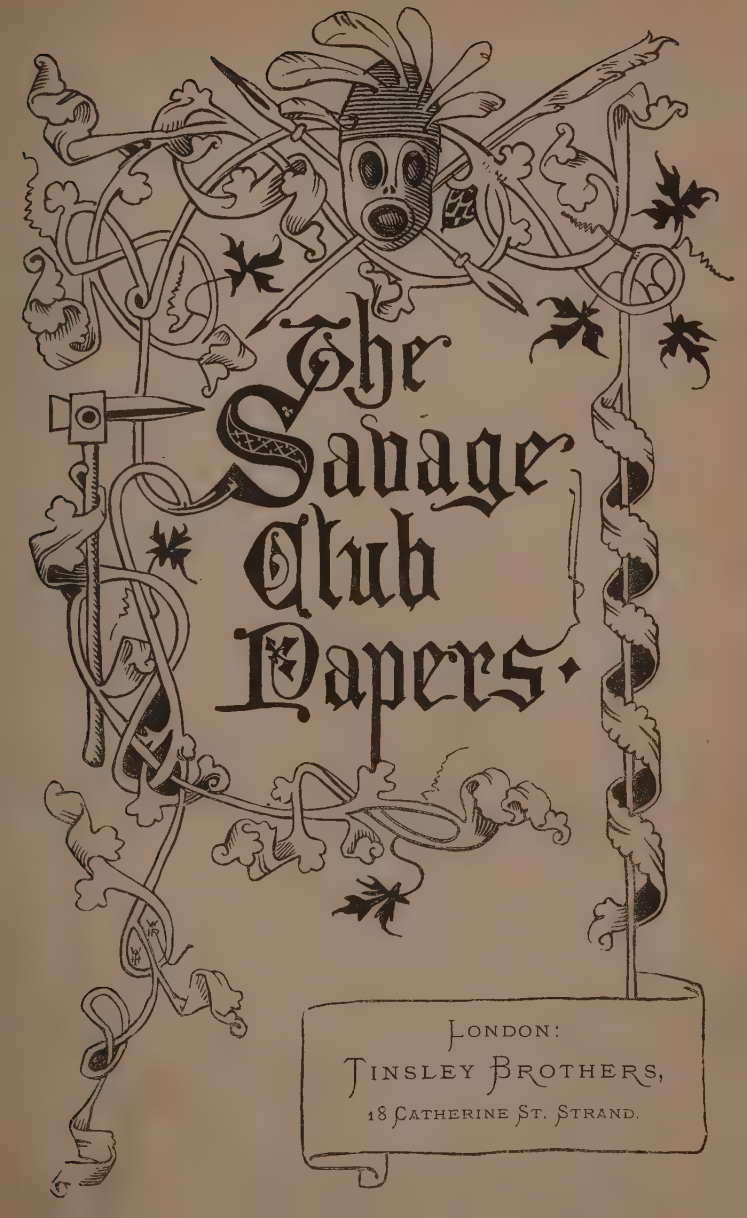


THE
SAVAGE-CLUB PAPERS.

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The Savage Club Papers.

LONDON:
TINSLEY BROTHERS,
18 CATHERINE ST. STRAND.

Thos. S. P. Ryan

THE

SAVAGE-CLUB PAPERS.

Edited by

ANDREW HALLIDAY.

LONDON:

TINSLEY BROTHERS, 18 CATHERINE ST. STRAND.

1867.

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1867

PREFACE.



AS a matter of courtesy, it is due to the public, to whom we appeal, to explain the meaning of the somewhat strange title which we have given to this book, and the object for which it is published.

As to the first of these points, it would scarcely be necessary to offer any explanation whatever, were it not that erroneous reports have been spread abroad with regard to the constitution, nature, and purpose of our Club.

The Savage Club was founded ten years ago, to supply the want which Dr. Samuel Johnson and his friends experienced when they founded the Literary Club. A little band of authors, journalists, and artists felt the need of a place of reunion, where, in their hours of leisure, they might gather together and enjoy each other's society, apart from the publicity of that which was known in Johnson's time as the "coffee-house," and equally apart from the chilling splendour of the modern club.

When about a dozen of the original members were assembled in the place selected for their meetings, it became a question what the Club should be called. Every one in the room sug-

gested a title. One said the "Addison," another the "Johnson," a third the "Goldsmith," and so forth; and at last, after we had run the whole gamut of famous literary names of the modern period, a modest member in the corner suggested "The Shakespeare."

This was too much for the gravity of one of the company,* whose keen sense of humour enabled him, in the midst of our enthusiasm, to perceive that we were bent upon making ourselves ridiculous.

"Who are we," he said, "that we should take these great names in vain? Don't let us be pretentious. If we must have a name, let it be a modest one—one that signifies as little as possible."

Hereupon a member called out, in a pure spirit of wantonness, "The Savage!"

That keen sense of humour was again tickled.

"The very thing!" he exclaimed. "No one can say there is anything pretentious in assuming *that* name. If we accept Richard Savage as our godfather, it shows that there is no pride about us; if we mean that we are *sævi*, why then it will be a pleasant surprise for those who may join us to find the Wigwam a *lucus a non lucendo*."

And so, in a frolicsome humour, our little society was christened the "Savage Club."

At this time it never occurred to us for a moment that we should ever come before the public in our corporate capacity; and when the necessity did arise for our so appearing, we had almost forgotten the significance of our whimsical name.

* The late Mr. Robert Brough.

We may be pardoned for mentioning the circumstance which induced us to emerge from the privacy which was the original object of our association. Widows and orphans appealed, silently, to our savage breasts. We felt that they were left to our care. What could we do for them? There were some amongst us who had distinguished themselves as amateur actors; there were others who were well known to the public as dramatists. We resolved to combine our forces—write a piece, and act it ourselves. In carrying out this scheme, we used the name of our Club—diffidently, doubtfully.

To our great surprise there proved to be magic in the name. So eager was the demand for places to witness our performance that we asked gold, instead of silver, for admission—and we got it. Her gracious Majesty the Queen and the late Prince Consort, with several members of the Royal Family, sympathising with the object which we had in view, attended the theatre; and the result in every respect exceeded our most sanguine expectations. In the course of ten years we have, alas! found it necessary to repeat our efforts on behalf of others; and it is a great satisfaction to us to know that the money we have been enabled to raise has, in every case, been applied to good purpose, and that the benefits which the public helped us to confer are felt to this day.

It has been recklessly stated in a respectable journal, by a writer who, knowing nothing of us, has either been misled by false reports, or prompted to wild imaginings by the terrors of our name,

that we are a clique of ill-conditioned malcontents, squatting in the very centre of Bohemia; that our Club is a sort of literary cave of Adullam, into which the disappointed and the discontented have retired to set up their backs at everything that is good and noble and worthy to be admired.

There could not be a greater mistake. Nothing could be further from the truth.

The qualification for admission to our Club is, to be *a working man in literature or art, and a good fellow*. If a candidate answer these requirements, he will be cordially received, come whence he may. The best answer to the charge of cliquism will be found in the list of contributors to this volume.

As to our Bohemian life, it consists in our assembling once a week to dine together at a board, where we have had the honour to entertain distinguished literary men from all quarters of the globe, and where the stranger, who is of our own class, is ever welcome. It is a source of pride to us to know that an affectionate remembrance of these friendly reunions has been carried away to many distant lands, and that our savage name has become a passport to favour wherever literature and civilisation are to be found.

And now for the purpose of this book.

When we assembled to dine together one evening lately, a chair, which had been filled on the previous Saturday, was empty. The place of him who had occupied it was vacant too *at home*, where a young widow wept in the anguish of sudden and unexpected bereavement. We knew that she needed help in her time of trouble; and with one

voice resolved to afford her that help. But how? A performance at a theatre was suggested. Alas! some of our best actors had, since our last effort, made their final exit from the stage of life. It was an additional sadness to our hearts to count how many we had lost! Thinking of those cruel gaps which death had made in our loving ranks, we saw at once that the scheme proposed was impossible. There was nothing left for us but to exercise the arts which we professed as authors and artists. Hence this book.

I will not permit myself to speak of the hearty and zealous manner in which the labour of love was undertaken by the members of the Club, at a time when most of them were overwhelmed with business of their own; but I must not omit to acknowledge the invaluable co-operation of a number of gentlemen, who, although not members of the Club, have, in the purest spirit of benevolence, rendered essential service to this work without (in some cases) the hope even of glory. I refer to several authors and artists who are not members of our body, and more especially to the good friends who have engraved our pictures, free of charge, and given both labour and money to the cause. It is with peculiar pleasure that I record the names of these generous assistants:

DALZIEL BROTHERS,	H. HARRAL,
JOSEPH SWAIN.	C. FERRIER.
W. THOMAS,	T. BOLTON.
E. EVANS.	R. KNIGHT.
W. HOOPER.	H. GRENAWAY.
ORRIN SMITH.	HARRISON.

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I have also to record our great obligations to Mr. E. C. Barnes for his unwearied exertions in collecting together, and superintending the printing of, the numerous engravings with which these pages are adorned.

The last words which I have to utter in this place are burdened with a sadness which scarcely leaves me the power of expression. At page 154 there is a beautiful drawing signed "Paul Gray." When this work was undertaken, that clever young artist was foremost among us in offering his co-operation; for he whom we mourned, and whose legacy of sorrow we had accepted, was his dear friend. The shock which his system, already weakened by the saddest of all maladies, received by the sudden death of that friend, was more than his gentle spirit could sustain. He lived just long enough to finish his drawing,—and then he left us, to join the friend whom he loved in that land where there is no more parting, and where tears are dried for ever!

THE EDITOR.

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Du Maurier del.

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THE SAVAGE-CLUB PAPERS.

LOVE'S GIFTS.

By J. R. PLANCHÉ.

I.

I GAVE my Love a fan before she knew
I loved her more than dared my tongue impart:
She took it with a smile ; but saw not through
Mine eyes that I had given her first my heart.
O fan, how envied I the happy air
Thou brought'st a-wooing to that face so fair !

II.

I gave her flowers—Nature's living gems ;
The likeliest things to her on earth I've known !—
All beauty, grace, and sweetness ; diadems
To bind her brows, and posies for her zone.
O happy flowers, what had I given to lie,
Like ye, on that fair breast, though but to die !

III.

I gave my Love a ring. No costly prize ;
Naught but a little simple hoop of gold.
She placed it on her finger with sweet sighs,
And sweeter looks, that made my tongue more
bold.
“ O happy ring, upon that hand to shine !
O lovely lady, would that hand were mine ! ”

IV.

My Love gave me—a kiss. O wanton air,
I envy thee no more ! O luckless flow'rs,
I breathe fresh life upon that bosom fair,
Where ye but perish in a few short hours !
O ring, a finger thou dost clasp alone !
My arms encircle all—for she is all mine own !



A Teuf from the
LOG OF H.M. BRIG "SPROUT."

By JAMES HANNAY,
AUTHOR OF "SINGLETON FONTENOY, R.N."

OME to sea for pleasure, and go to the devil for pastime," observed Hubert Price, quoting an old nautical proverb.

"That last would be better even than doing nothing," said Fleming Bisset, a guest of the midshipmen's mess, whose father was a Consul on the Mediterranean station.

The joyous Ufford, who could not so much as understand quiet, slapped him on the back, and cried "Bravo!"

"I hardly know," Hubert Price said, with a shake of his head; "I should have preferred your snug quarters at P——, where your dad takes life so easily."

"But *he* has had *his* career."

"Well, your brother," said Price.

"O, he's all for books and talking and writing," said Fleming. "I'm the regular Scotch Bisset, the stirring man!—

Some rid on the black and gray,
And some rid on the brown ;
But bonny Charlie Bisset,
He lay gasping on the groun'."

Ufford laughed pleasantly at the lad's zeal in pouring out this stanza.

"Who taught you that, Fleming?"

"A venerable old housekeeper of ours," Fleming answered, "who was full of all that kind of thing."

"Well," observed Price, "if we get a good chance at those Riff scoundrels, you will be beginning early to follow your ancestral Charlie."

The talk now became warlike; and much was the discussion about the expedition on which the brig was engaged. Would she touch at Malta?

"No," said Ufford; "there is not an hour to spare. Those black rascals have plundered two vessels, and taken the cargoes ashore near the Tres Forças. They are getting too saucy."

"Good fighting blood the Moorish," observed Price. "Benbow had given them a turn."

A laugh follows the mention of that venerable name.

Who would lead the attack? Sawbury, the captain, they all agreed, and hoped Dodger, the first-lieutenant, would not be in it.

And so the mess babbled away; and Fleming's blood warmed in the pleasant social heat;

and he longed for the coming excitement. Somehow he felt older already ; and along with that feeling new vistas of the future seemed to open before him, the pleasure of which was only checked by certain little home recollections, which *would* turn up when they had no business to do so, and with a reproachful aspect too. But he was young, and the breeze was fresh ; and even these serious thoughts gave a new piquancy to the joy of sense and soul which filled him as those days of eager life went by.

The brig did not touch at Malta, but made the best of her way to the Barbary coast. And now began a strict look-out for traces of the pirates ; and as they skirted the low hills of the coast-line, the quarter-deck in the morning presented a lively scene. Every officer was on deck, and the men walked eagerly about the forecastle and gangway watching the coast, and speculating on the whereabouts of the “cannibals” as they called them. Fleming and Ufford were standing together, when Ufford suddenly started.

“What’s that floating there?”

In a moment he had reported the object. Out went a boat, and picked up—floating sacks, quite recognisable as of good English manufacture ; while a thin track of broken staves of casks and a small stream of almonds marked the wake of the robbers. They had come on what rhinoceros-

hunters call the “spoor” of the chase, and the discovery gave a fillip to everybody’s spirits.

The brig held on for a known station of the Riffs, and Captain Sawbury matured his plan of action. His instructions—and he made no mystery of them, like some over-cautious fellows—were to attack the position of the pirates,—their nest,—beat them back from the shore, and recover the property. To cut them up well in the process was of course desirable; and the carronades were loaded, the parties chosen for the boats, and so on.

Sawbury spoke of the matter characteristically, for he called himself a philosopher, and the brig his school, and would by no means look at anything from a common point of view.

“We are *teaching*, sir, even in this,” he said to Dodger, “though by a rough process. We are preparing the barbarians for civilisation, and paving the way for the schoolmaster.” Here he began to wax warm with his own eloquence. He was standing on the gratings at the stern of the vessel, with his officers about him. “Yes; and the musket is often the forerunner of the missionary—”

Whew! whiff! Sawbury’s white hat quivered. Fleming, who was near him, heard a “plop” in the bulwarks. A white gleam was seen on the capstan; a fringe of fire played along the rocks of the shore. It was a volley of musketry, and one

ball had gone through the philosophical orator's hat. (His family keep it under a glass-case to this day.) He took it with a coolness which did more for his reputation in the Sprout in one instant than had been done by a twelvemonth's philosophy joined to a twelvemonth's good-nature.

"Fire grape on them!" he said to Dodger. And a gun was manned in an instant, and began to play on the shore. But the Riffs had good cover, and kept up a sharp musketry roll. It was Fleming's first taste of fire, and it produced a kind of tingling of excitement and eagerness, a liveliness of the blood, worth all the quiet of P—— and of the books therein once for all. So at least he described the effect to his acquaintance in after years; and I saw no reason to doubt him.

On went the brig; and in a few hours, and after a little peppering here and there in her progress, she arrived about sunset at the place to be assaulted, where the plundered and gutted vessels had been taken. She came quietly to an anchor at a comfortable distance from the shore; and it was settled that the attack should be made by the boats on the morrow.

Let us descend to our friends in the middies' berth, and hear all about it. There—there is the keenest excitement, of course, and a flow of kindly badinage to break the seriousness which no doubt

they ought to feel, but which somehow nobody on such occasions cares to show.

"Well, it's all arranged," says Ufford. "Pinnace: Captain Sawbury, Hubert Price, Esq. First cutter: Mr. Hooper, second lieutenant, and Mr. Adair. Second cutter: Eustace Ufford, Esq., gentleman of Suffolk" (with a grin). "Dodger takes care of the vessel, and if required comes ashore with the reserve. So now one tumbler and a good snooze; and *may we all meet here to-morrow night!*"

"And where do I go?" inquired Fleming Bisset.

"You, my little Norman game-cock?" Ufford said, slapping him affectionately on the back. "How can we let you go, do you suppose, as you don't belong to the ship? But come, if you should happen to be in my boat when I shove off, I don't think I could have the heart to turn you out."

"You're a dear fellow," said the boyish Fleming, giving him a hug. And in a short time the messmates were all in their hammocks; and nothing broke the silence of the night but the regular bell marking the hours.

Fleming Bisset slept very sound, and was on deck before the hands were called, in the first faint early Mediterranean daylight. To his surprise, Ufford had the start of him, and was already

walking about there, and that though it was his morning watch, and not yet time to relieve the middle one.

Bisset remarked that his friend was early astir.

"Yes," said Ufford quietly; "there is something to do to-day."

His usual levity was all gone; his manner was quiet, staid, and more like that of a person older in years. Hubert Price, whom he "relieved" at four o'clock, remarked it, and spoke of it to the mess at breakfast. And Ufford too was the only one of them who had been under fire before, having been a fellow of known daring in several ugly bits of work while on the West-African station. This made the change more surprising.

Fleming Bisset saw most of him that morning; and frequently spoke afterwards of what he observed. Instead of the fun, the cleverness, the gaiety for which he was conspicuous, Ufford showed a cool good sense for which he did not generally get credit. When he received his instructions from Sawbury, he made suggestions which the commander accepted with something like surprise. And all the while his zeal and firmness were displayed in every detail; as if it was only the dull routine of our sleepy naval life nowadays that made him seem in ordinary a kind of rakish wag.

The crew went to breakfast early, and in great spirits. Then the boatswain's call gave its shrill whistle, and up tumbled the men to muster. Both sides of the deck were lined with them, with their muskets and cutlasses all in good trim; and soon they poured into the boats in the order previously determined on. Fleming quietly skipped into Ufford's boat without saying anything to anybody, having previously helped himself to one of her Majesty's muskets, by the courtesy of the gunner. And as the boats swept round, and formed into line for the shore, up jumped the crew of the brig on the bulwarks, and gave them a hearty cheer. Then it was, "Give way!" and on thundered the heavy man-of-war boats through the glittering water towards the beach.

"Lovely day," says Fleming Bisset to his friend. Ufford made a suitable response, and slowly looked round the horizon, as if fixing in his memory the whole scene.

The Riffs were drawn up in strong force on the shore; and presently a rim of fire rose and fell along their line, and the water jumped up angrily here and there, as if it was boiling, where the bullets struck it. In one of the cutters, Hooper the lieutenant stood up to have a shot at them, and was struck in the thigh. Our friends saw Adair clap a tourniquet on him, and "screw it up to G sharp," as he afterwards expressed it.

A few rapid burning moments; a cry of "Follow me, Sprouts!" and the attack had begun in several places. Ufford and Bisset, at the head of their party, dashed up the sloping ground from the beach, firing and fired upon.

"Look out, sir!" bawled one of the men to Bisset. A great brown Riff, half naked, had covered Fleming with his long brass-bound musket. Fleming was quickest; his weapon sprang to his shoulder, and down fell the man. The sight acted on him like a dream; and after this point he felt a coarser, fiercer kind of excitement than before. Ufford's party now drove the enemy from the first row of hillocks, and had a few moments' breathing-time while the Riffs retreated with their wounded into the hills. Ufford wiped the sweat from his brow, sent one or two men who had been hit to the boat, and formed the others again for the second advance. Meanwhile the rattling of musketry along the shore showed that the other attacks had been equally prosperous; and they heard afterwards that by this time there was a second hole in Sawbury's hat.

"Forward, Sprouts!" Gallant young Ufford, flushed to the temples with the heat, led them on again. Fresh Riffs had come from the hills, wakened far and wide by the echoes of the firing, and poured down towards the coast. Again their

black swarthy figures, with bright wrappings round the brawny loins, came up pluckily to the fight, and the light leaped off their shining musket-barrels. And again the sturdy blue-jackets — short, pudgy, curly-haired fellows — made at them with cheer and curse. The first shock of the excitement of battle was now over, and everybody did their work coolly. The sailors sent jokes along with the bullets. “Eat that, you cannibal!” “G-r-r-r, you nigger!” to Fleming’s great amusement. Then they made rattling charges with musket and cutlass, and scattered the Moors; and Fleming *would* rush (the little wiry young devil!) into the thick of it; so that once his foot slipped in the blood that oozed from the dark skin of one of them, and he fell across the body of the dying man, who bit his ear with such force that he fainted with the pain. War is not a romantic affair always, you see; and this *unromantic* wound left its mark on my friend Fleming for years: indeed his rivals used to attribute a certain Narcissus-like arrangement of the youth’s fair hair to the necessity of hiding its traces.

Fleming’s fainting-fit went off after Ufford had poured some water on his head; and when he recovered, and took a sip from a pocket-pistol, he found that there was another pause in their little battle. Once more the Riffs had been driven back, and had retreated to the hills. But it was not for

long; fresh men again poured down, and the day renewed itself. This time the Riffs who attacked Ufford's party were in greater force than ever—in far greater force than he was; and Bisset had the luck to perform a serviceable exploit. He was some distance from Ufford; and one of the men who had been wounded without his observing it suddenly called out from the ground on which he was lying, and in a queer old tongue that came right home to his heart, “Dinna leave me amang thae cannibals, sir!” Fleming flew to him at once, and dragged him along as well as he was able, though he had twice to pause and fire at casual assailants before he effected his retreat in safety. When he joined Ufford, great was the joy; and now news had come that the commander, with the chief force, had secured the spot in which the stolen property was stowed, and had beaten the Riffs altogether away from it. This was really—though, of course, general chastisement was one object—the strict purpose of the day; and as the Sprout was master of the beach, Sawbury announced his intention of closing the proceedings. It was a grand reunion, we may be sure, when fellows met each other at the boats,—each with some special anecdote not of his own pluck, but of a comrade's,—and vied with each other too in seeing the wounded comfortably placed for the pull “off.”

"Well, old boy," said Fleming, as Ufford's cutter slowly broke through the languid afternoon wave, "it's all over."

A calm, sad, but proud look was Ufford's answer—a look which Fleming will never forget in this world, with all its many changes. For before the peculiar expression had left the lines of that fine frank face a last stray shot was fired from the shore. In a second, there was a kind of half-gasp, half-cry through the whole boat. From Ufford came no word or sound whatever; but he clenched Fleming's hand in his own with a death-grip of fearful force, and fell across the stern-sheets with a bullet through his brain.

"O my God!" screamed Fleming wildly, and bursting into tears. He was only a boy, Fleming, after all. "Ufford—Eustace!"

"He is quite dead, sir," said a man who had laid-in one of the stern oars, in a tone that was perfectly tender, and yet perfectly matter-of-fact; and he proceeded to dispose the body reverently in the after part of the boat: they hauled down the ensign, and covered poor Ufford over with it; and there he lay in cold and stony beauty under the flag to which he had sacrificed his life. The awful suddenness of the event had struck Fleming dumb; and he scarcely heard the inquiries, and congratulations, and the broken words of regret and pain which arose all at once from the officers

of the ship as they crowded together on the quarter-deck.

The day's fighting, the death of Ufford, the hoisting in of the wounded men, had transformed the whole life of the brig; a quicker, nobler sort of moral feeling pervaded it. Officers gave up their cabins to the wounded, and ran to and fro with help for them; with lint, with sponges, with wine—with anything that would aid the doctors and cheer the sick. Then a subscription was at once set a-foot for those whose injuries would involve the necessity of their going home. So that as the brig weighed and made for Gibraltar, there was probably not a person in the homely old Sprout who did not feel himself drawn closer to every other person in her, and had not a certain higher and better way of thinking and feeling about life, while the influence of the "brush" with the "Riffs" lasted.

What an interest now attached to all that poor Ufford had said and done for many weeks past! What a strange interest, especially to his seriousness that morning! Had he felt then that mysterious feeling which is, as it were, a hint, a chill from the coming winter of death, and which *we know* to have often too truly been the forerunner of the fate of the brave? All this was only speculation. What was certain was, that they would never hear his cheery jolly voice again.

He was buried at Gibraltar, in a churchyard where you see the tombs of many who died of wounds received at Trafalgar. They laid him in good company.

The Sprout was to remain for some time at the Rock. Fleming of course wrote immediately to his family, and had to tell them, besides the regular news, that he hoped for their permission to join the navy formally now, and that Captain Sawbury had proposed to manage an appointment for him. Immediately after his letter had left by the steamer, one of the fruit-vessels bound to P—— put in at Gibraltar, and by her Fleming resolved for the present to return home.

After several weeks' absence, during which his brother Fulke Bisset had been reading Plato, Fleming Bisset returned to the parental nest to report on his first experience of active life. And to the accident of his having been in the Sprout as a visitor, in the year 1845, her Majesty's service owes its possessing now in Captain Bisset one of its smartest officers.



The Falling of the Leaves.

BY WALTER THORNBURY.



CLEAR, keen, and pure, the sunny air
Is bright as summer's, and as fair ;
But many a branch is growing bare,
And leaves are falling.

October skies are coldly blue,
The grass is silvery wet with dew,
And berries crimson to the view,
While leaves are falling.

Thick webs wrap every hedge in gray,
Dull mists shroud up the dying day ;
Black vapours bar the labourer's way,
And leaves are falling.

Like ghosts, pale drifts of mournful light
Stretch in the west, and on the night
Look with sad faces wan and white,
While leaves are falling.

How many autumns I have known !
But each one finds me more alone ;
Now Youth has left its royal throne,
And leaves are falling.

Yet, Hope, wear still thy starry crown,
Point to far statues of renown,
And bid me trample sorrows down,
Though leaves be falling.

Heap, heap more logs upon the fire,
Let the swift joyous flame leap higher,
And let no lurking grief come nigher,
Though leaves are falling.

Let too the merry song go round,
And Care shall cower—a beaten hound,—
Or silent lie—a prisoner bound,—
While leaves are falling.

Come, friend, the brown October quaff,
And listen to the children's laugh ;
This life, it isn't bad by half,
Though leaves are falling.

There still is Fortune's glacier peak
O'er Fame's rough crag to climb and seek ;
Only the coward fears to speak
Of dead leaves falling.



AFTER DINNER.

BY T. W. ROBERTSON.

IT was in a shooting-box in ——shire. Half-a-dozen men were sitting round the fire in attitudes indicative of that agreeable drowsiness which is one of the most pleasant consequences of good digestion having waited on appetite, and of a day's sport having been successful. The fire in the grate seemed to slumber in sympathy with the host and guests, and now and then to wake up and flare, as if reminded of neglected duty. There were claret and whisky and cigars and pipes upon the table. The sportsmen were enjoying themselves thoroughly. There was no other human habitation within a mile. The house had no drawing-room; and no ladies were waiting for them.

“Shall we have the lamp in?” suggested the host, a man of about forty-five years of age, with too much summer in the last thirty of them.

“N-o,” said a tall guest; “I prefer this sort

of light. It's jolly half-asleep, half-awake kind of thing—all the comfort of being in bed, and up among one's friends at the same time."

"Chudleigh, wake up!" said another.

"I am awake," said a fourth indignantly.

"Then say something."

"All right," said Chudleigh, pulling himself together, and taking whisky. "Do you know, Dud, I was thinking—"

"O, Chudleigh," remarked another guest, "you do give yourself such airs. Thinking, indeed! What next?"

"Don't try to be witty, Mac; it don't suit you," returned Chudleigh. "I was going to say that I was thinking of Charley Harbrowe."

"What of him?" asked the host.

"He was married last week to Miss Fernie."

The host lighted a cigar very deliberately, and said "Yes."

"You were engaged to her sister, Dud, weren't you?" said the tall sportsman.

"Yes."

"But the match didn't come off."

"No."

"How was that, Dud?" inquired Chudleigh.

"I don't know. It wasn't to be."

"I've often wondered, Dud," Chudleigh remarked, "that you never got married."

"Too shy—I mean nervous. I'm afraid of too

much love, and frightened of too little. I've seen so many matches turn out queerly. Marriages of interest, marriages of convenience, marriages of love, elopements—the whole biling. One gets timid as one gets old.”

“Well, I hope Charley will be happy.”

“So do I.”

“The friends consented on both sides, and all that.”

“O, yes! But then that doesn't always make things go smoothly afterwards. I told you about those two matches that came directly under my own personal observation.”

“No, not me,” said Chudleigh.

“Mix yourself some toddy, then, and I'll tell you.”

“Well, you know,” the host began, “the first match was the most proper and regular thing that can be conceived—hideously regular, disgustingly proper. Both combatants were friends of mine, and old friends. The coat-and-trousers delinquent was Ben Channock, eldest son of Sir Benjamin Channock, Baronet, of *The Hall*, —shire, county family—very county family; almost too county a family—noticed none but county families. Ben was ginger-haired, and had hard features like a raw potato, without the raw potato's genial expression. The girl, Lucy Deybrooke, was rather pretty, but inanimate as a

doll—not much feeling, but lots of propriety; propriety in large lumps everywhere about her. Of course her's was a county family—almost a more county family than Channock's. In——shire the Deybrookes were called the Doom's-Deybrookes. Well, this interesting and happy couple were destined to be a pair from the nursery. Lucy had never had any sweetheart but Ben, and Ben, poor creature! had never thought of any one but Lucy. You can imagine what *he* was like from that fact. How she ever could have looked at such a fellow I don't know; but such is life. Well, they courted in a queer, cold, arctic, fishy sort of way. They used to walk out and to ride out together. Lucy was a first-rate horse-woman; and they talked to each other about the people they knew, always within the limits of the county, of course. Well, time rolled on. They were to be married. They bore their approaching bliss with a stoicism worthy of Britons. No vulgar manifestations of joy, no indecent impatience—no rubbish of that sort—but gentleman-like and stony as the bust of a provincial vicar. *They* never squeezed hands at parting—not they; and when they gave each other a kiss, if any thing so fervidly romantic ever occurred between them, it must have been as tropical a sort of thing as ice-cream. Their hearts never fluttered; and though it was said by several credible witnesses,

that Lucy was once seen to flush, it never was believed in —shire. Well, they were married. Not at Saint George's, Hanover Square—no, no. They were much too county for that. Saint George's was low. The tourney came off without interference from the police at the church near the Hall—the village church, where the ivy grows, and all that, you know. The county was there to a man and woman, clean and solemn as a snowball: county bishop; young ladies strewing flowers; bridesmaids beautiful as bouquets, and looking like bouquets without paper round them. Such bridesmaids were never seen, except in the engravings to a fairy tale. All the tenantry drunk, all the “pisantry,” who believed the occasion was political. County earl to give the bride away; made speech after breakfast—bad speech even for county earl; Sir Benjamin in tears, for the first time, it was said, since he lost his election; a good deal of intoxication about. I was intoxicated myself—not with wine, but with the beauty of the bridesmaids. However, to make a long story short, the breakfast over, the happy pair departed for the *Continong*, as cool as cucumbers, and fresh as daisies. I believe that wedding was the correct card—wasn't it?”

“Yes,” said Chudleigh.

“Well, the other match was a very different

affair. The contracting lunatic on the one side was Kit Silcote. Kit had been several times in love—had been half-and-half sort of engaged to a dozen girls—a dreadfully impressionable man—so impressionable that he never could make up his mind which angel he preferred. However, his time came—he beheld her, tumbled down the precipice, and smashed his peace of mind to shivers. It was at a birthday ball at a country-house in ——shire—the same county as the Channock-cum-Deybrooke people. Kit was invited, and saw her in the ball-room. The first blow felled him. She was fair-haired, and had blue eyes, with a pale pink glint in them like the milk-red of an opal. From subsequent confessions, made by both criminals, it appears that the lady was shot in the same instantaneous manner as poor Kit. The lady was an awful flirt; but flirts, when they are hit, suffer more than quiet girls. That's a fact. Well, they danced together, and they sat down, and they didn't speak. Kit was cornered. They danced together again, and Kit took her into the supper-room and gave her a glass of champagne. Kit drank three—which inspired him with sufficient courage to utter these remarkable and eloquent words :

‘The next dance is a polka. May I’ — and he broke down.

‘We’ve danced two together,’ said the divinity, who was quite self-possessed, at least on the surface. ‘Won’t it look odd?’

“Palpitation of the heart shook both of them as Kit answered:

‘After the next two or three dances, then—if—if you don’t mind.’

‘Take me back,’ said the charmer. ‘After the next two dances I shall be at the end of the room, near the conservatory.’

“Kit considered this an assignation, and in half an hour they were together in the conservatory. Neither Kit nor the lady have ever been able to remember how it was that they confessed their mutual flame. However, they felt that they were destined for each other. They stood behind some tall plants, their hands clasped together, and looked out of an open casement on to a dark frowning night, that sulked over an unpicturesque, agricultural landscape. They could hear the music in the ball-room, and their only fear was of another couple seeking the shelter of the orange-trees.

“I have been told that there was not much said upon either side, but they understood each other without words.

‘Can I see you to-morrow?’ whispered Kit.

‘Mamma’s going to take me to Scotland,’ replied the beauty.

‘Whereabouts?’

‘To her sister’s—a mile from Aberdeen.’

“Aberdeen! The North Pole.

‘If I came to Aberdeen, could I see you?’
asked Kit.

“Aberdeen, Buenos Ayres, Port Natal, Central America—what cared he where?

‘No.’

‘Then I shall never see you again.’

“The girl’s light soprano voice faltered.

‘I fear not.’

‘But I can’t live without you,’ said silly, happy Kit; ‘that is, I can’t live without seeing you.’

“The beauty replied by a pressure that said as plainly as waltz music to the ear: ‘Nor I without you.’

“The thrill ran up Kit’s arm into his brain, and inspired him.

‘We won’t part!’ he said. ‘WE’LL RUN AWAY!’

‘Run away!’

‘And be married to-night, as soon as the ball is over.’

‘But mamma!’

‘Wait till she’s asleep.’

‘But we’ve a double-bedded room, and she’d hear me dressing myself,’ objected the far-sighted fair one.

‘Run away as you are,’ said Kit boldly.

‘What, in a white light ball-dress?’

‘I’ll tell you how it must be done, angel of my own,’ said Kit, in a transport of love and ingenuity. ‘When the ball is over, and everybody’s gone, we’ll meet outside here. The nearest station is four miles off, nor’-nor’-east from this. We can reach London in a little more than two hours—get a special license and be—united—O, my angel!—before twelve—then you can send word to mamma that you are married—bless you—and—and—and—’ The rest was inarticulate.

‘But I can’t travel to London in a ball-dress, *my love*.’

‘Say that again, *sweetest*—say that again.’

‘I can’t travel in a ball-dress,’ repeated the lady.

‘Yes—go on.’

‘What?’

‘Finish—say that again.’

‘*My love*, then—there,’ concluded the beauty.

‘I’ll tell you what we can do, soul of my soul,’ replied Kit. ‘I sleep at the gardener’s cottage. I saw a bonnet and shawl hanging behind a door. I suppose they belong to the gardener’s wife. I’ll steal them. I can leave a pound or two on my dressing-table for them, and bring them here for you to put on.’

‘But, then—’

‘Hush. I’ll tell you. We can reach London by ten. Nobody here will be up by then. We must go across country, so as to avoid the high road. I’ve got a pocket-compass.’

‘But I can’t go across country in white satin shoes.’

‘I’ve a pair of shooting boots—you can slip them on.’

‘If it rains—’

‘I can carry you, darling; you’ll be dry wherever I am!’

“So they bolted—the lady in the gardener’s wife’s cloak and bonnet, and Kit’s boots over her shoes. Kit carried her half the way, and every quarter of a mile or so he put her down to look at his pocket-compass to see how he was steering, by the light of a lucifer. It was rather difficult, for the rain came down in torrents. When they were resting in the middle of a ploughed field, Kit said to his intended :

‘By the way, dearest, what is your name?’

‘Mary Transome.’

‘You angel—what a lovely name!—Mary—Mary. Who was your father?’

‘Major Transome—in the artillery—papa’s dead. What’s your name?’

‘Christopher Silcote. I’m always called Kit.’

‘What are you?’



L. Henley del.

R. Knight sc.

‘Nothing. I think I am going into the law, to be a barrister. Shall you like that, *Mary*?’

‘Yes.’

‘Then I will. *Mary*, have you any money—I mean when you’re of age?’ asked Kit.

‘No, *Kit*.’

‘Nor expectations?’

‘No.’

‘You angel! Do you like my name, *Kit*?’

‘It’s a beautiful name.’

“Well, the night passed in walking, and talking poetry and sentiment of the same high-flown character. When day broke, Kit found that, owing to miscalculation, or his pocket-compass, or love, or lucifers, he had gone a mile too far, so he had to hark back; however, he got his train—came to town—got married, and a few days after called on me for the loan of a hundred, which I didn’t lend him, because I couldn’t;—however, we went out, and got the money, and *they* departed for the *Continong*.”

The host paused, took a deep breath and a hearty draught of toddy.

“And do you mean to say that that’s true?” asked Chudleigh.

“As true as it is improbable. Improbabilities generally are truths, and improbabilities are facts invariably. The two marriages I’ve spoken of came under my own personal observation.”

“And which turned out the happier?”

“Neither ; that is, both turned out rather badly. These sort of things are enough to frighten any man who is not violently addicted to marriage. Now, then, will the public, if it is sufficiently awake, take any more drink ? If not, will it go and have a pool ?”





ON THE CHEAP.

By H. J. BYRON.



THIS is an age that is most economical,
Everything's dreadfully, wretchedly cheap;
Newspapers, radical, tory, whig, comical,
Sold at a price you once paid for a peep.
Sixpenny hansoms Coutts's to Ransom's,
Government travelling penny-mile rides;
Twopence from Tottenham-court-road 'busses got
in 'em—
Unanatomical—fourteen "insides!"

Doctors now give you pills infinitesimal,
Homœopathical doses of shot;
So that it doesn't much matter, in case o' mull,
Whether you've swallowed a poison or not.
Then litigation's made cheap for the nation,
So are oil lamps, with which some tradesmen
chouse:
Notably paraffin, such a low tariff in,
Burning the street at a penny a house.

You can now get exceedingly “drunk on the premises,”

Cheaply—for port, e’en “superior,” ’s low—
Though headache, no doubt, is the regular Nemesis,
Following fast on the juice of the sloe.

The badly-paid populace of the metropolis
Toss off their claret, and talk of its tone ;
And each hard-up “villian” now gets *sent a million*,

And poor folks, once honest, have taken to *bone*.

Dining and dressing’s so cheap, that carbuncles
Are worn on the hands of the meanest of swells ;
Poor folks, wont to “put up” their gems at their
“uncle’s,”

Now put up like gemmen at leading hotels.
Dinners for diners who seldom are winners,
But take their half-pint of pale ale—for a song :
Varied three courses with sauces, which forces
The feeder to feel that it’s “pleasant, but
wrong.”

Then in this most fast and hurried of hot ages
Commonplace clerks have their “place out of
town :”
“Villa” ’s the name for what used to be cottages,
Quickly “run up,” whilst their builder’s run
down ;

Walls thin as paper ; from slate-roof to scraper,
Every thing shakey and quakey and brittle ;
Till knock'd down quite clear, by Fate's fell auc-
tioneer,
Who terms it a "lot," when it's only a little.

Those who from Cupid's sly meshes and sedges
try

Vainly to crawl, needn't fear the expense ;
Marriage costs nothing to mention—the registry
Meets them half way in connubial intents :
Easy the process, and most expeditious,
And it's so cheap, that at once it is clear
The phrase is—to use a mild term—meretricious,
Benedick terming his consort "*my dear.*"

O for the days when the "good of the house"
made

A cogent excuse for a bottle of port,
Charged in the bill by a landlord whose nous made
Him blind to the proverb of "reckonings short."
Ere Rowland Hill made our postage a penny,
And telegrams flew at a trifle the word,
Letting the world know—at least a good many—
Occurrences almost before they've occurred.

THE MORALITY OF THE TURF:

AN AUTHORBIOGRAPHICAL FRAGMENT.



Belgravia.



AS a Sportive Writer, a Racing Correspondent, and a Prophetic Vaticinator, foretelling of future events to come, Nicholas has probably by this time raised himself from a comparatively lowly origin, though far more respectable than that of my detractors, to a pinnacle of celebrity, than which it might perhaps appear individuious to affirm as none similar can be honestly said to be

the case with any of my rivals, than whom perhaps a more delusive lot, though a little conceited. It has been the old man's privilege, and

it is still his pride, to gaze with the Argus-eye of antiquity, which I am told he had a hundred, and you will find him fully described in Lempriere, upon the broad Down and the open Heath, when covered by tumultuary thousands interested in racing, from the most illustrious of Britannia's aristocracy down to the lowest of the low; and especially more so of the latter, such as Welshers and Legs; and whilst thus gazing in imagination in the solitude of my own mansion, perhaps a-sitting down by my own fireside and partaking of a glass of sherry-wine, which it is known to facilitate literary composition, and make it easier, the old man makes his selection of the future winner, and sends it off to a public journal, where it is put in print. Perhaps his selections may be usually right, perhaps his selections may be usually wrong. Nicholas is quite content to rest his reputation on his public form, and upon the discriminating appreciation of a public than whom, I am sure, none more truly British; but to those who are unacquainted with his writings, and of whom I will not say worse luck, for it might appear bounceable, the old man will simply mention, as he has this season, besides his Derby selection, given the absolute first, second, and third in the St. Leger—a feat accomplished by no other Organ, bar none; and also, gentlemen, I was one of the happy few, deny it if you can,

who predicted Actæa for the Cambridgeshire. Further to recall my triumphs it might appear vanity-glorious, and I would not do so ; but enough has probably been said to vindicate my claim to write upon the Morality of the Turf, which I will come to it presently, if you give me time. I am convinced, however, that it is always as well to commence with a little explanatory explanation, which makes things more simple, and, so to speak, explains them.

For instance, it may be advisable to caution the promiscuous reader, than whom I am sure I am quite ready to be friends with him, that he must not infer from my casually mentioning of a glass of sherry-wine as I am one of those drunken old vagabonds, which he may perhaps be familiar with them, who are to be found hanging about the bar-parlours of our sportive hostelrys, and pretending for to give a tip concerning future events ; it being their game to say as they have private information from the stables, though than whom perhaps no respectable trainer would hesitate for to kick them out, as I have been myself, often and often, at a period when Pluto, the Goddess of Wealth, was less propitious to me than what she have subsequently become. Avoid these old impostors, O my dear young friends, if such be indeed your period of life ; give them a wide berth ; never you go near them, or they will be

down upon you, metaphorically speaking, like a gang of roaring old lions, generally the worse for liquor, and using all the abusive language as they can lay their tongues to, and the same remark with regard to gin-and-water. It have often been my lot, in the course of a sportive career more chequered than the loudest pair of trousers I have ever put my legs to, to be mistaken over and over again for these disreputable old Tipsters, and that at a time when, despite all my knowledge of human nature, and my leanness in general, I never hoped to occupy the proud pinnacle which I do so at present, nor yet to be read with attention when writing on the Morality of the Turf, for such will be the subject of my remarks, and I will come to it all in good time.

The truth is, and many a better man than Nicholas has said so before me, we are all apt to judge by appearances; and I daresay that when the old man was down upon his luck, and his garments were seedy, and you saw him perhaps of an evening, when he might have been partaking of the social glass, which it always flies to my head in a minute, and as for a red nose, *that* was originally brought on by exposure to the weather in early youth—not but what it may have grown upon me since—it never grew any where else, you know—and you met him perhaps in low company, for we must cut our coat according to

our cloth, and observed that the people present treated him with a good deal of familiarity, not to mention calling him "Old Nick," especially the waiters, of whom perhaps he might have had to borrow a little money on the strength of a tip,—why, my dear young friend, if you *had* met me under these circumstances, I could hardly have expected you would have at once recognised me as a respectable man of letters, especially if you knew much about my early life. You would have set me down—don't say you wouldn't, for it's only false delicacy, my dear young friend—you would have set me down rather as a disreputable old Tout than as one who was destined to occupy a permanent place in the literature of my native land; you would have considered me one of those human Weeds upon the Turf, which springing up with the rank luxuriance of the Indian jungle, like the deadly Upas-tree, are destructive of all respectability; you would, in fact, have regarded me as a sort of pimple upon the face of society. Had you been asked what were the odds against my ultimately becoming a fine old English gentleman, living on the fat of the land, and occupying of a mansion in Belgravia, you would have playfully said that the betting against it was Rothschild's office to a casual ward; and right you would have been, sir! The odds *were* enormous. At that time you might out of charity have stood

him something to drink, though I am not sure as you would have done so; but I am perfectly certain as you would never have dreamt of asking me when I would come down and dine with you. There were very few who ever put that question to me at that particular period; and I am not ashamed, occupying the position which I do, to confess that many was the day when Nicholas, as he sallied forth into the streets of a morning, had only a very vague idea as to where his dinner was to come from. I speak, my dear young friend, of those unhappy mornings when he was downright destitute. When he had a penny in his pocket, his prospects were tolerably bright.

A good deal can be done when you have a penny. I was accustomed to look upon that coin as a safe basis of operations, and my *modus operandi*, as we say in the classics, was simple. I went to a house where I was tolerably familiar at that period, and ordered a glass of fourpenny ale, of which I partook. Before I had finished partaking of it, having calculated my time to a nicety, some young sportive gentleman would be sure to come in and to pass the time of day, and it would be, "Ah, Nicholas; at it again, eh? Early for drinking, old man! You should take something with it." "Well, perhaps a quarter of a pork-pie *would*," I answered; and the young gentleman, he having more money than brains,

would insist on paying; and then, after partaking of a brandy-and-soda, would be off again with a "good morning." I am not a rapid eater, my dear young friend; and I used, on principle, to linger a good deal over that quarter of a pork-pie—say a quarter of an hour, to match. In comes another young gentleman of the same sort: "Holloa, Nicholas! Why, you old glutton," (for they used to have all kinds of names for me—Nicknames, so to speak); "you old glutton, won't you wash it down with a glass of bitter?" "Well," I answered, "perhaps a glass of bitter *would*;" and so on, what with one and what with another; so that on successful days I have partook of as many as two whole pork-pies and half-a-gallon of ale. But it was very precarious, sir, dreadfully precarious!

Why do I recall these episodes of my vicissitudinary career? To prove, gentlemen, that although I am now, so to speak, a Leviathan rolling on the Turf, I am not ashamed of the period when all was fish that came to the net. The writer who endeavours to describe the Morality of the Turf, which I will do so presently, ought to be tolerably familiar with all the varying forms of human credulity; and I may venture to say, vanity apart, *I am*. Why, years ago, who but Nicholas was it that advertised "A thousand pounds for a shilling's-worth of stamps! Sportsmen, I have a certainty for the

Leger. He is now at forty to one. No fee, but remit him five per cent upon your winnings. Address Colonel B., Post Office, Commercial Road. N.B.—This is genuine.” Who but Nicholas, sir, was Colonel B.? Ah, me, many is the shilling’s-worth of stamps that he received; and many also is the abusive letters that reached him after the race! The expedient became common enough afterwards; every great invention does; but the original idea was my own. Sir, I am perfectly satisfied with my present position in life, and with the success that has rewarded my industry and acuteness; but I *do* feel that if, in the full vigour of my prime, I had only had a little more capital at my command, the name of Nicholas would have become imperishably associated with the railway system of Great Britain. As it is, I do not grudge my kindred spirits the good fortune that befel them; and perhaps, after all, my own success has been attended with less misery to other people.

Well, sir, the luck changed. I knew it would. I was sure it would. I have known penury; I have known misfortune. I have known what it is to be ordered off the Heath by an Admiral than whom perhaps a more energetic Turf Reformer, and speaks his mind pretty plain; I have even known what it is, whilst out on the scout watching a private trial, and disguised as a clergyman with blue spectacles, to be thrown into

a horse-pond. But we will let bye-gones be bye-gones. A modest competency and the esteem of my fellow-men have gilded the sunset of your Prophet's stormy day; and the old man feels sure that he will never want a friend as long as he has a bottle to give him.

I have already reached the limits that were assigned me; and in compliance with my promise I will now give you the opinion of Nicholas on the Morality of the Turf.

The opinion of Nicholas on the Morality of the Turf is, that *there ain't much of it!*

NICHOLAS.

P.S.—Do not finally make up your mind with regard to my position as a man of letters until you have perused my “History of Knurr and Spell.”

P.S. 2.—I have a good thing for the Derby of 1867.





F. Barnard del.

THE LOST CHILD.

W. Hooper sc.



MY GRANDFATHER'S STORY.

By EDWARD DRAPER.



SIX and forty years ago good King George the Third died. It would be tedious to detail the many causes that had been long leading up to a widely-spread spirit of discontent, narrowly approaching the verge of insurrection. Immediately upon the advent of his successor, there ensued dangerous riots in London and in the country. The ministry were personally as well as politically detested by a large section of the people. The very name of Castlereagh (then high in office), when uttered by a popular orator, was sufficient to excite a yell of fury.

Nor did the populace lack leaders of position as well as of power. "Orator" Hunt, Sir Francis Burdett, the Reverend Mr. Harrison, and Sir Charles Wolseley, were in prison on account of the freedom of their speeches in favour of Parliamentary Reform. The subjects of taxation were so unluckily selected as to press with un-

due severity upon the poor, and were, in some cases, as in that of the Window-Tax, opposed moreover to philosophical considerations. Upon this subject (as this is a personal narrative) I may mention that, as a young medical practitioner, I was accustomed frequently to express my opinions with much warmth, attacking the impolicy of taxing any of the few gifts which Nature bestowed freely upon all, and predicting national physical degeneration as the result of an embargo on light and air in our homes.

You may fancy from what I have told you that at one time I was something of a Radical. Just so. In my young days men used to denote their opinions by their hats. Uncompromising Tories still wore huge cocked-hats (such as you may now see on the heads of circus-clowns and in old caricatures; the Democrats, or Radicals, sported white beaver round hats with black hat-bands. Many perhaps did so from policy, for the populace were dangerous.

In consequence of the Acts of repression, the reformers were driven to great straits for their meeting-places. Of these, however, they had several. It was on the night of the 23d February 1820, when I attended a political meeting at the White Lion, a secluded tavern in Wych-street. The speeches were certainly violent—such as might be expected from indignant men.

I also had had my turn of speaking, when the meeting dispersed. I had just left for home when a hand was laid upon my arm. On turning I saw behind me one of the most energetic of all the Radical orators.

“Ha! Edwards,” said I, “what is it now?”

“A word with you, doctor,” he replied. “I know that you are truly and honestly devoted to the cause. I make no doubt that I may trust you. A great blow is to be struck, and a mighty revolution is at hand. The ministry must give way to the popular will. All is prepared for a rising; half the army is with us, and we have store of arms and ammunition. In less than a month England will be once more a commonwealth.”

I started. There was much about the fellow that I did not like. Of all our speakers he was the most vociferous and ferocious. More than once or twice, even amongst us, he had been called to order for phrases far too strongly spiced with sedition, even for the minds of the men with whom we were associated; for among us all he was one of a very few who had openly counselled violent resistance. Knowing this, I was the more surprised at his words.

“You are mistaken,” said I. “Our liberties, though imperilled, may still be peaceably secured. I will take no part in instigating or aiding acts

of rebellion." I then used my utmost powers to show him the folly and futility of the measure which he had indicated. After a long conversation he appeared to yield, and finally to be convinced by my arguments. His manner then changed. He told me that a meeting would be held near the Edgeware-road on the following Wednesday, and that if I would attend it, I might freely express my opinions, probably not without effect. I resolutely refused to attend.

"Then," exclaimed he, "neither will I; and yet I fully see the force of all that you have said. As one man, were I to attend and attempt to dissuade the others from their plans, it would be vain. Your help joined to mine might do much."

There was something in this; and after some more talk, on his part plausible enough, I consented to attend the meeting, only of some half-dozen or so, of the chiefs of the confederacy. I arranged to meet him at eight o'clock in the evening of the day appointed, at the corner of the Edgeware and Uxbridge roads. It was a puzzling place to find out, he said, but he would conduct me. As we stood together about to part, a blacksmith, with a leathern apron, and with the tools of his craft on his shoulder, pushed rudely against us.

"All right, Roberts," cried Edwards; "this

gentleman is one of us." The fellow stared at me from head to foot, and blundered on his way.

On Wednesday the 23d of February 1820 (I have reasons for remembering the date), I was at the appointed station and time. Edwards was soon with me. He was ashy pale, and I could not but remark the effort with which he sought to control some strong excitement. He accounted for this by stating that he had feared lest at the last moment I might have shrunk from the meeting. "Or," added he, "you might have played the spy upon *me*." This was spoken tremblingly and with marked emphasis.

I replied indignantly, and he appeared somewhat calmed. "You see, sir, it is so necessary to be careful."

He led me along the Edgeware-road until we came to the corner of Queen-street. Talk of our streets now—you should have seen them then—dismally lighted by oil-lamps, and ankle-deep in mud and slush. There was as yet no MacAdam's pavement, and scarcely a name at a street-corner. We traversed a few narrow streets until we came to one fenced against horse-traffic by posts in the midst.

"Do you know General Watson's cow-shed? That's the place. I can go no further just yet."

"I knew General Watson," I replied. "He

was a relative of my old medical tutor, Dr. Watson. But—”

Here we were interrupted by our acquaintance the blacksmith blundering against us as before.

“Ha, Roberts. Here is the doctor. See him safe to the place. You know where. I’ll be there in a few minutes.”

“All right, Mr. Edwards. Come with me, sir.” Off sped Edwards.

I turned to look at the blacksmith, as we stood under a lamp, and half suspecting mischief, was yet regarding him, when a man, coatless, and evidently half drunk, suddenly ran forward and seized me by the arm. I disengaged myself, when he threw himself before me.

“For the love of heaven, sir, as I see you be a doctor, come with me. O, my poor wife—my wife of thirty year! O, sir!”

“What of your wife?” asked I.

“O, sir—there, I be so I can scarcely speak—O, sir, she’s poisoned herself! Accident! For the Lord’s mercy, sir, come at once!”

“Nonsense, man—nonsense,” interposed the smith. “This gentleman has a particular engagement.—Come on, sir.”

“O, pray, sir; pray, sir. O, my poor wife for thirty year! I be General Watson’s old cow-keeper, sir. Maybe you knew him. Only close by, sir. Pray, if only for a minnet!”

"Watson's cow-keeper!" cried Roberts, with a loud laugh. "The very place. Well, this is artful!" and he clapped his hands to his sides and roared again. "And where do you live?"

"Only a dozen doors down. That's the house with a light in the top window."

"Go with him," said Roberts. "You're quite safe now. I'll be there almost as soon as you."

I started with the old man, but on reaching the door turned and saw Roberts watching. I looked at the old man, but there was little mistrust in my mind as to the reality of his agony and despair. Two or three women, one holding a candle, encountered me on the threshold. They too were trembling and agitated. I had no longer any doubt, but proceeded up a narrow stair to the top floor.

It was quite true. There in a small room was a wretched old woman apparently at the last gasp. Her breath was drawn painfully and at long intervals. Her eyes were closed, and she was groaning heavily. Before her was a large phial-bottle, and a broken glass evidently dashed suddenly on the table. It needed no astute chemist to recognise the pungent odour of ammonia.

"She's been and took it in mistake for the gin, sir. O, my poor wife for thirty year!"

"Bring me instantly some raw eggs," I cried; "and somebody else fetch three or four lemons."

“Eggs, sir; why there’s heaps of ’em below in the shop. Run, Sally, run. O Lord! I should break ’em all, if they was a chest full at a crown a dozen.”

The eggs were brought, and I was engaged in breaking one after another, and pouring them down the throat of the old woman, who appeared to find considerable relief from their soothing effects, when a loud shriek was heard below. The next moment there was a trampling on the stairs. It was followed by a hoarse shout.

“In the King’s name!”

I raised my head, and saw that the room was filled with soldiers of the Guards.

“What is this, sir?” demanded the officer in command. “Pray who are you?”

“I am Doctor ——” replied I. “I am attending this poor woman, who has been accidentally poisoned. — She is a little better now,” said I to the husband. “Give me the lemons and some water quickly.”

The officer approached. He saw the woman’s pallid face and heard her groans, which could not be simulated.

“The wrong room evidently,” said he, turning to a sergeant. “Search the house at once. Leave a corporal’s guard here. I am Captain Fitzclarence, Doctor. There is treason afloat.”

“At least you will permit me to continue my duties to this poor old soul?”

Captain Fitzclarence glanced at the table. There were the remains of at least half-a-dozen eggs, and he saw from the slow manner in which only I could administer the medicine that their accumulation had been commenced before his entry. I calmly pared the lemons, and squeezed them into the water.

After some minutes the sergeant returned.

"All right, Captain," said he, saluting his officer.

"There is some fearful blunder, Legge," ejaculated the Captain. "That fellow Edwards, like the cur he is, has run off. Where is Roberts?"

"Below, sir."

"Run down to him and make further inquiries. And who are you, my man?" asked he of the old fellow, who, between drunkenness and terror, was still seated, feebly moaning, wringing his hands, and rocking himself.

"O, sir, I be General Watson's poor cow-keeper, sir. Him as is dead and gone. O, my poor wife for thirty year!"

"Watson's cowkeeper! Then all is right. And where's your shed?"

"My shed, sir? Whoy, I let my shed last Christmas, sir, to Muster Thistlewood! It be just round the corner, sir. Shall I show 'ee?"

The Captain gave vent to a full round oath.

"Off at once, fellow. Guard follow. And

you, sir, good night. Don't be alarmed at any thing you may hear. I will take care you shall be protected."

I continued to ply the old woman with eggs. She was gradually but surely recovering, when a pistol-shot, followed by a loud cry and the shouts of men, broke upon the stillness of the night. Then came more shots, shoutings, and volleys of musketry, accompanied by piercing shrieks. I preserved a dreadful calmness, and did my best to soothe the woman's fears. In fact the stimulus of the alarm seemed rather to aid her recovery.

Suddenly Sergeant Legge returned.

"Follow me instantly."

"In heaven's name, what is all this?"

"I can tell you nothing but that you're wanted and in the King's name—at once!"

I obeyed; and on reaching the street, we turned the corner of the narrow no-thoroughfare alley. It was apparently empty, save for a guard of soldiers at each end. We proceeded to a dismal house, along a passage, and thence by a ladder into a dreary loft, furnished with a long rough table, and several rude planks once arranged as seats, but mostly now overthrown from their tressels. The whole floor was strewn with cartridges, swords, daggers, belts, muskets, bludgeons, and pike-heads of a curious construction. Near the door lay two bodies.

I approached one. "He is dead, Captain Fitzclarence. He has been stabbed through the body, under the third rib, on the right. See here!"

"Poor Smithers!" exclaimed the Captain. "And this other?"

He was pale and covered with blood. I lifted his hand and felt his wrist. He was a ruffianly-featured fellow, whose waist was girt with a military belt, bearing a cartouche-box. "This one," said I, "is still alive, and still unhurt."

The fellow sprung up and caught me by the throat, covering my ruffled shirt with gore. He was instantly seized by the soldiers, and began piteously to beg for mercy.

"That is Ings," cried the smith, who appeared by my side. "But, see, the sergeant is also wounded."

It was true, but the injury was slight.

While I was yet engaged in binding up his arm, which he had interposed, saving his captain's breast from a pistol-ball, the spy Edwards entered. On perceiving me, he shouted,

"And that is one of them. Seize him, Captain! I know him—"

"And I know better," retorted the Captain. "But for your cowardly behaviour, you runaway cur, who dared not be within scarce a mile of bullets, and intrusted your work to an underling, this"—and he pointed to the body of Smithers—

“*this* need not have happened. None of your perjury. I am answerable for this gentleman.”

My care was needed for a few others. One or two soldiers had suffered slight wounds, and some of their captives, of whom there were nine in all, mostly bound with belts found upon them, had sustained contusions.

“You had better not leave just yet,” said Captain Fitzclarence to me; “the mob is excited, and our men have much to do to keep them back—even at the point of the bayonet.”

An hour after, I left, escorted homewards by a guard, which only left me at my own door. Of what had taken place, beyond what I had seen, I could learn but little, even from my companions, except that the peace-officers, fearing the consequences of the non-arrival of the military, delayed by some error, had hurried, unaided, to attempt the capture of a gang of conspirators, many of whom had escaped in consequence—among them the ringleader, Thistlewood, who had run Smithers through the body.

The next day Thistlewood was taken. I need not give the details of the conspiracy, further than to explain briefly its object and results. It had been intended that the band, fully armed, not only with weapons, but with combustibles, should take possession by a *coup-de-main* of Lord Harrowby’s house, where it was expected that the ministers

would be assembled at dinner, and there massacre them all, afterwards firing the house, and rushing into the street to inaugurate a revolution. Five of the plotters and assassins, including Thistlewood and Ings, were afterwards executed, with some of the ancient barbarities annexed to the penalties of high treason. The spy Edwards was rewarded with a pension;—and thus ended the Cato-street Conspiracy.



The Pet Canary.

By E. L. Blanchard.

BIRD of the household ! songster of home,
Whose notes in a wild burst of harmony come,
Like a voice from the woods or a song by the
stream

Of youth's early May-time and Love's early dream ;
Thy cage is no prison, no captive thus sings,
And free in the sun flies the gold of thy wings.
“ Pretty Dick ! ” let thy mistress, sweet, whisper
a word—

Her heart is a captive much more than her bird.

O, would thou couldst utter her thoughts in thy
lay,

Then free shouldst thou fly to the one far away,
And tell him how oft with her bird in the cage
She has talked of the absent and looked at his
gage.

Thou shouldst give him the kiss I am giving to
thee,

And say it was sent as a token from me.

“ Pretty Dick ! ” if he told you no more we should
part,

Thy wings could not flutter much more than my
heart.



G. Thomson del.

Harral sc.



THE INNS OF JAMAICA.

By GODFREY TURNER.



THERE are no inns in Jamaica.

One of them—I mean one of the inns which are no inns—is the halting-place at the Moneague, where the traveller is not sorry to rest when he has crossed Mount Diabolo on a journey northward from Spanish Town. The apology for a real, right-down, genuine, and little-more-than-usually-adulterated inn, at the Moneague, is not so very lame an apology, after all. I have known “hotels” in my native land—a sea-girt isle, in a latitude of perpetual influenza—not more comfortable, or, let us say, not less uncomfortable than the inn at the Moneague; which lonely establishment has at any rate the benefit of being conducted by a responsible nigger instead of a limited company.

It was in the month of April, in this now expiring year of 1866, that I started from the southern side of the island to visit the yet more luxuriant scenery north of the Blue Mountains.

April in that part of the Tropics is a very lovely time. I need hardly say that at all seasons the heat is excessive to a chill-blooded native of the temperate zone; indeed, some days of last January, in Kingston, seemed to me about as hot as a Briton could bear with perfect safety. In April the average temperature was scarcely higher, being about eighty or eighty-two in the shade, and a hundred and whatever you like in the sun. There is a general start among the vegetation about this time, especially as regards the flowers. The aloe blooms; first lifting up, with marvellous rapidity, a tall, tender-looking, straight green shaft, which is called by Creoles "the May-pole," and then wreathing it with garlands of beautiful blossom. The orchids, for which those enterprising horticulturists, the Messieurs Veitch, would scorn to give less than ten guineas a root, but which are as common in the woods of Jamaica as humming-birds and pine-apples all over the island, burst into flames of flower, in welcome of coming May. This noticeable stir and advance in the midst of a natural beauty which at no time would fail to draw forth admiration from a traveller can hardly be excelled by the culmination of a gorgeous dream. In what, by cold comparison, may be mentioned as the duller time of the year, you may see the operation of spring, summer, and autumn at once

upon the trees—may scent the heavy luscious perfume of the waxen citron-blossom, opposing its pure clusters of dazzling white to the gold of the ripened fruit on one and the same green bough. It is when the tall wide-spreading orange-trees are laden with innumerable yellow models of the fruitful earth, when the exquisite purple bloom of the mango has passed the climax of its glory, when the blinding light from the intense blue sky is tempered by its passage through broad plantain leaves unmatched by any green in Rowney's list of colours, when the scarlet coffee-berries hang in ripe sprays all down the long curved branches, when not a patch of barrenness is to be found anywhere, and when no room seems left for increase of nature's bounty,—then it is that Nature is suddenly seized with a fit of generous extravagance, and flings handfuls of sweets to the sweet of shining wealth, to a surfeit and embarrassment of riches.

This was the season during which I journeyed over great part of the most fertile half of Jamaica. Too many voyagers, who have paid flying visits to that island, have come away with a south-sided impression of its magnificence, and have missed the loveliest and grandest scenes in all the world. Having made up my mind and my other luggage for a few weeks of locomotion, I started from Blundle Hall, Kingston, very early one glorious

April day, before the sun had waxed fierce in the glowing heavens. Now, Blundle Hall is another of those negative inns of Jamaica ; and it is kept by a brown lady, Miss Louisa Grant, sister of Mrs. Seacole, and quite as great a character in her way. A much longer and more regularly sustained practice in the noble art of getting up early in the morning—merrily O!—than I for one could ever boast, would be necessary to the achievement of stealing a march on Miss Louisa Grant. She was, in fact, about as wide-awake an old soldier of a middle-aged landlady as I have ever had the honour to know. Ah ! am I then back again in the spirit at Blundle Hall ? Truant that I have been to kindly recollections, in a vagabondage through colder climes, do I now in fancy find myself once more in the long verandah, opening by a flight of stone steps on the courtyard with its cocoa-nut tree, and troops of basking black servants, and row of lean, unquiet horses, stamping and whisking their long tails under the pent-house as they are wont to do by night as well as day. And who are these kind friends of mine in naval uniforms, who bid me such hearty welcome ? Messmates, companions with whom I have cruised among the islets of the Baltic and in the bluff North Sea, do we meet here under a tropical sun to talk of Danish Elsinore and Odinshei, of jolly times in Sweden, of

the Admiral whom we all liked so much at Stockholm for his never-tiring urbanity and kindness, of the pic-nics on the Malar Lake, of the elk-hunt, of the shooting of white foxes, of the club at the Rydberg, of the Dalecalian women who rowed the boats and cursed us bitterly whatever we paid them for their labour, of the Dowager Queen's ball at Drottningholm, and of our moonlit voyage thither in the good Swedish Admiral's barge, with M'Ilwain's recollections of another Ball—Mrs. Perkins's—and of the O'Mulligan, whose prototype we were to meet, alas! that night of nights! Blundle Hall, Blundle Hall! That I should have found within the shadow of your jealousies the friends from whom I had last parted so far away, and from whom I was again to part, leaving thousands of sea-miles between us! May each of those brave boys command a squadron, one of these windy days, and may I not be on board the flag-ship when the bravest of them all is leading the fleet of the future to victory or annihilation!

Miss Louisa Grant was—and I hope still is—a great favourite with the navy, and the army too. In rather rhapsodical language, as I admit, by way of taking the wind out of critical sails, which may be bearing down upon me—it has just been intimated that certain officers, in one of the two services, renewed an old acquaintance with me at Blundle Hall; wherefore I might well place it

first on the list of those inns of Jamaica, which I still maintain to be no inns, and speak of it before I come to talk more fully of the Moneague, of Ramsay's at Spanish Town, and of two or three less pretending hovels on my route. Besides and moreover, Blundle Hall was, except the houses of entertainment I had patronised for a very short time on the islands of St. Thomas and Hayti, the first habitable edifice in the Tropics within whose door I had set my exploring foot. I went to Blundle Hall, through ways ankle-deep in sand, straight from the quay, when I had come ashore from the inter-colonial steamer Conway. It was in the piazza of Blundle Hall that a portly, stalwart, big-chested, white-bearded, healthful-looking gentleman, with a handsome face in which gravity and kindness were blended in proportions that rather inclined to the last-named quality, if excess were on either side, sat in a rocking-chair, very much at his ease, when I arrived there. He was dressed from top to toe in white linen; and his healthy pink face and scrupulously clean pink hands looked as fresh as paint, over which they had the advantage of being real. The wish instantly became father to the thought in my mind that this must surely be one of the persons to whom I had brought letters of introduction from England; and in my speculative mood I even named to myself, out of at least two score, the

very identical one. I was right. My man, to see whom first on my arrival in Jamaica I had been strongly advised before I left Southampton, was before me, taking his case in what, for the sake of avoiding argument, we will call his inn. I do not name him here: why should I? The indiscretion would not conduce with the public state of feeling about that black-ridden country to raise any scandal worth raising. He is known and honoured, trusted and loved, by people of his own clear blood in Jamaica; and he is respected and feared—or he would *not* be respected—by people of a race less morally white than it is sometimes painted for the edification of Sunday-school children and others in Great Britain.

My first introduction in Kingston having thus been satisfactorily accomplished, I transferred my anxious thoughts to the subject of my bedroom. It was one of a good many chambers with green jalousie doors and windows all of a row in an open corridor, on one side of the court-yard, something like the gallery of an old-fashioned English inn. A black lad in a striped flannel shirt and white Osnaburg trousers marshalled me the way that I was going, and carried my heaviest portmanteau on his head, seemingly with much more resignation than he felt to the task of bearing lighter luggage in his hands. My room being last of all, and quite at the end of that wing of the building

approached by the open corridor, had the advantage of a free ventilation on three sides. The broad-bladed green jalousies took the place of glass, letting in the punctual breezes, which keep their time to the tick of your chronometer in this happy climate. When the black boy in the flannel shirt and white Osaburg continuations had set down all my traps, he stood grinning with a cheerful expression of inquiry. I was about to tell him that he need not wait, when a long wriggling thing ran softly past my foot and into a corner of the room, as if it expected to find an outlet there which did not exist.

“What is that?” I asked him.

“Dat?” he echoed, in the Negro dialect; “dat nothing, sa’; only young ‘corpium.”

“O, indeed,” said I, with as little emotion as I could help showing; “is it at all a common order of reptile in this country?”

The question not being understood was charitably assumed to be comic; and my new acquaintance, who looked as if he had been oiled or varnished with great care, grinned a plastic and unctuous grin, which widened till he was obliged to chuckle, to prevent its widening any more.

I had not been long in Jamaica before I lost the foolish northern prejudice against scorpions, which are not nearly so venomous as centipedes, and are as little given to habits of attack. There

is no dangerously venomous reptile in Jamaica. The black snake inflicts an ugly and painful wound, when provoked to bite; but even *he* was never known to cause the death of the youngest and tenderest child. Another and a larger kind of snake, which is in fact nothing else than a boa constrictor, but which is known as the “yellow snake” to all inhabitants of the island, is a great deal commoner. They are timid, torpid reptiles, and may be killed easily enough, as they are found crawling among the cane-pieces or elsewhere. The insects have decidedly the pull of the reptiles in Jamaica. Sand-flies, jiggers, and ties are both numerous and pressing in their attentions; but worst of all entomological plagues is the mosquito. There are two kinds, equally annoying, though in different ways. The mosquitoes which called upon me as soon as I had taken up my lodging at Blundle Hall were the mosquitoes of the plains. You do not feel their bite at first; but after a little while a hard white tumour rises, and there is a painful aching tension of the muscles all round it. The slightest rubbing of the white tumour makes it a red tumour, or, it may be, a sore, which will not heal for some days. Now if this be the effect—and it *is* the effect—of one mosquito’s bite, you may very well fancy the state of a fresh-complexioned Norseman’s cuticle after he has been the prey of a whole swarm of such little

demons. As for the mosquitoes of the hills, all I can say in their favour is that they rarely attack you in such numbers as do their cousins in the low and swampy regions ; for it is hardly to be urged or accepted as a *circonstance attenuante* that the bite of the mountain mosquito, when he does bite, is felt on the instant, like the prick of a fine needle. The venom is just as potent in the one case as in the other. Some theoretical noodle says the mosquito's a gnat : so is the wolf, then, a poodle ; so is the panther a cat. Lord Dundreary would exclaim, "Thath poetry." I may or may not agree with his lordship ; but at any rate I shall use the language of rare and antithetic Ben Jonson, and say, "By—" well, I don't like to use the precise oath which Sterne's celebrated "Recording Spirit" made such a mess of, by crying over the word before the ink in which it was written was dry ; but the printer may put in a good long dash, like this —, and add the words, "it's truth."

I must get away from Blundle Hall, on paper, as I did, one bright hot morning, get away from it in the actual and perspiring flesh. My real start was to be from Spanish Town ; that is to say I had bought a capital pair of ponies there, and a light four-wheeled carriage of American build, and of a kind now very generally used throughout Jamaica, and called a "buggy." With this

equipage, and with a wooden-legged negro servant, I purposed going forth upon my travels. The buggy, and the ponies, and the black man with the wooden leg, were all to be in readiness by an early hour, when I should have arrived by the first train from Kingston. There is a little railway, managed in the most comical fashion, between this commercial capital of the island and the tumbledown town, a few miles to the west, which is the seat of Government. It is a pretty half-hour's ride, or more, which I never grew tired of; though I suppose I must have gone backwards and forwards on this short line quite twenty times during my stay on the southern side of Jamaica. Mountains on one side, blue lagoon on the other; foreground of umbrageous mango trees evenly cropped underneath just as high as the cattle can reach the tempting branches; foreground of pen residences; foreground of pretty estate, called "the Caymanas," with sugar-canes ready for carrying; foreground of gigantic silk-cotton tree, with immense smooth spurs like stone buttresses regularly built all round it; foreground of alligator-swamp, partially cleared; foreground of any number of niggers at the station mid-way, bringing wild guinea-fowl and wood-pigeons for sale to passengers who prefer the dearest and most troublesome mode of purchasing poultry—foreground of many objects as well, which, having

nothing to do with the inns of Jāmaica, must be left untold.

Was it seven or was it eight o'clock, when, that hot bright April morning, I alighted on the rough platform of the Spanish Town station, and found the buggy, the prim little pair of horses, and the Jehu with the wooden leg, all ready and waiting? My memory does not serve me on this question of time; but I think it could not have been more than seven, though it seemed to me then like midday, for had I not been up and moving pretty briskly for a couple of hours at least? I know it was so early that, driving first to King's House, with the intention of leaving polite notice of my departure on a tour, I could find nobody stirring who would show me the visitors' book; and that, having thoughtlessly rung a bell, and seen the next moment by the clock in the square how ghostly a period I had chosen for a morning call, I felt awfully disconcerted, and rather inclined to run away. The tintinnabulation had so clamorously swelled, echoing through the silent halls of the big white-washed palace of representative royalty, that I did, without any question about it, make off as fast as I could, feeling even an additional confusion in the clatter of the hoofs and wheels, till I had turned into one of the streets of grass-grown ruins, and had agreeably distracted my mind by nearly running over a

pig—one of those lank, high-backed, very long-nosed, very ill-favoured beasts that prowl about the unpaved streets at Spanish Town, and that ought to be run over rather than not.

He who has travelled by that road along which my pair of ponies trotted briskly towards the Moneague that day, will own that, whatever glories of natural scenery he may elsewhere have revelled in, nothing to surpass the tropical loveliness of this drive through the “Bog-walk,” as, by an absurd nigger corruption of the Spanish name, it is called, has ever delighted his eyes and sunk into his soul. It is all shut in by volcanic rocks, many of stupendous height, with caverns opening here and there, and marvellous foliage half-covering their perpendicular or overhanging fronts; through the middle of the long valley, as fairy-like as Sinbad’s and as sparkling—with diamonds which will only be saleable when sunbeams are made into bracelets and tiaras—runs a silver river, reflecting all brilliant tints of emerald and cerulean turquoise in its calm depths, and weaving circles of glittering spray round the vast, smooth, milk-white, opal-shaded stones that stand high up from the shallows. Feathery bamboos, creaking like masts; tree-ferns, that cause you to think for once contemptuously of the Crystal Palace; wild canes, and herbs that yield medicines which Europe prizes most when they bear

the name of "Jamaica;" flowers made envious by the moths and humming-birds which flutter round them—let us hurry through it all, or we shall never get to the Moneague.

That place and its inn are on the other side of the range of mountains running east and west through the length of Jamaica; and the winding pass that climbs round the side of Mount Diabolo is a road for wheels, though not an easy one. I must not venture now to take a peep back at that moving panorama. Let us fancy, if you please, that we have gone past it with our eyes shut; and that we open them now in front of the inn at the Moneague, where our ponies are led off to their well-earned feed of maize, which is not the first, by the bye, that they have had since they trotted out of Spanish Town. It is a picturesque, verandahed, low-roofed place, this Moneague inn, with limes and oranges growing all about it, and with much clatter of hoofs in its paved yard, for it is one of the most important posting-houses in a country where one little railway is at present the exception to a rule of old-fashioned travelling. In respect of its bed-rooms, with dark shining floors, and jalousie windows without glass, and beds with mosquito-nets, which I have sometimes found to be efficacious in keeping the mosquitoes in, as much as in keeping them out—it is Blundle Hall over again. On a long stretch, travelling from one

planter's, clergyman's, or custos's house to another—it may have been thirty miles, or more, without a white face to look into—I have taken mercy on myself, as well as on my ponies and black body-guard with the timber leg, which is a bad thing to have to sit next to in driving, by the bye; and have halted at much poorer “inns” than that of the Moneague. They were few as well as wretched; but in nearly all I found the relics of “old-time” prosperity, to wit, silver-plate, which for no consideration would the owners part with. I have more than once, when seated in a room almost as rough and bare as an empty hay-loft, tinkled a massive silver bell of Queen Anne's mark, to summon a ragged attendant, who might bring me one of those cheap luxuries of the country, a water cocoa-nut, freshly gathered from a neighbouring tree, or a glass of lemonade with the fragrant peel of the green lime hanging on the edge of the glass goblet. There are no huts, in which negroes sleep and fatten, that are so poor as these so-called inns. Negroes never keep them; that is to say, though we may call them niggers, they are coloured people, seldom more than half black and very frequently less. It is a business that began to fail, with other “interests” of the white inhabitant, long ago; and the old family silver, with now and then a portrait by an unmistakably famous hand, tells of the broken ancestor

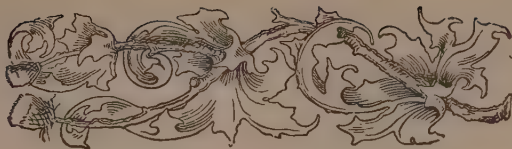
who mingled his blood with the blood of the African, and left his offspring a much less thriving inheritance than that of servitude. Here and there, a brown man in Jamaica is successful as a keeper of what is called an inn ; but his success is very moderate ; and I think that the ladies—I was going to say “the fair sex,” but that I bethink me suddenly of their all being rather dark—manage better. Ramsay’s, at Spanish Town, known as “The Tavern,” is a very dismal caravanserai, with no better accommodation than a hay-maker finds in the taproom of a roadside ale-house in England. It is the old traditional hospitality of the island which makes travelling both possible and pleasant.

Said I not well that the inns of Jamaica are no inns? They are the practical contradictions of Shenstone’s melancholy stanza ; and he who can say that he has found no warmer welcome than in one of those sordid hovels—I except the tolerably comfortable lodging-houses, which are in many instances dignified by the title of “hall,” and which are favourably typified by Miss Grant’s establishment at Kingston—must be a mortal born to be pitied, or to be despised and shunned.



E. C. Barnes del.

Dalziel Bros. sc.



GRETCHEN.

A Leaf from an Artist's Sketch-book.

BY TOM HOOD.



GRETCHEN comes from over the sea,
From the land where clusters purple the vine
On the sunny slopes that rise from the Rhine,
As blue as my Gretchen's e'e!

Down by the ocean's brim we met,
In a bay embosomed in gleaming sand,
With a headland stark upon either hand,
While the sun before us set.

Golden light upon golden locks,
By pools of emerald broidered with pearl,
Where the waters broke, with a sweep and
swirl,
To whisper amid the rocks.

I drew her face in my treasure-book—
Artists have licenses ; this is one !—
As she stood in the light of the sinking sun ;
And here it is :—you may look !

She went east—and I went west ;
But I bear her image wherever I go.
One is here in my sketch-book, lo !
Another within my breast.



CONVERTING THE NIGGER.

BY ARTEMUS WARD.



OR considerable years my Uncle Wilyim was in the panoramer business, and he used to utter some sterlin trooths while in that line. He had a panoramer of Greece, representin hisself as a real Greaser, which doubtless added novelty to the exhibition. Methinks I see him now a standin before them beautiful movin picturs, with a long spear in his right hand describin the beauties and peccolarities of that country, and appealin to the audience to help her—for this was when Greece was partic'ly hard up. To see that old duffer, who was born in Vermont, representin hisself as a citizen of Greece, in a yellor dressin-gown and a

white pocket hankercher wound round his head, and sheddin real tears, was mortifyin to his relatives, but they could not avoid admirin his genus. They dispised his impidens and unscrupulossity, but they was forced to admit his great talents. "Brethering and sisters," he would say, in a voice apperently choked with emotions, "every dollar taken at the door to-night will be sent to Greece by the next steamboat, except a few paltry dollars for my own sustenance. Believe me, my friends, I think only of my country, and I live very frugal. A few dry biskits, some fried eels and soda water—some simple nurishment of this kind, is all I require. If you choose to make up a extra puss for my unfortinit countrymen, that also shall be punctoally forwarded. Money, clothes, flour, pork, malt and spiritoous lickers, segars and shoes—all will be accepted. My size for shoes is No. 10. Send shoes of that number. In Greece our feet is all of the same size. It is the same with flannel shirts and overcoats. A few temperance tracts will be received, as well as various kinds of meats in hermetically sealed cans." I hope Greece got these things. Perhaps she did; but it is doo to trooth to state that at the close of his panoramer season Uncle Wilyim opened a shop containin the most remarkable variety of articles ever collected under one roof in this or any previs age. Nevertheless, notwithstandin Uncle Wilyim

has long been a burnin disgrace to our family, and that we never hear his name breathed without a shudder of horror, he did utter some great trooths in his lectur on Greece. Among others he said, charity covered a multitood of sins. He said this was original with hisself, but, as I've already showed, his word is shaky. More prob'ly he adapted it from the French, jest as he would adapt a umbreller or spoons, or anything else he could lay his hands on. But it is a surblime trooth. Charity well bestowed makes you sleep well o' nights. I know in my own case; when I give a few shillins to a meritorious object of charity, I sleep sweetly that night. It is a cheap way of goin to the country (which I fancy is much more like heaven than the town), for I always dream of green fields and daisies, and fresh-faced little children and music; and a man seldom dreams of these when he's been up to disreputable games.

When a man dreams he was led to the gallus, and wakes up jest as the rope is bein wound round his neck, it's a evidence either that the hangin ought to have gone on, or that he partook too profusely of the festive cucumber ere seeking his couch. But there is such a thing as misdirected charity, and this I would respectfully advise the people of Great Britain, Bombay, New South Wales, and Upper and Lower Canada, &c., to avoid. Give freely, but be sure the objeck is a

worthy one. All this by way of prefiss to a incident which occurd yesterday mornin at the excellent public house where I am stoppin at—the Greenlion, by John Bigsby. The incident was as thus :

I was sittin in the bar, quietly smokin a frugal pipe, when two middle-aged and stern-lookin females, and a young and pretty female, suddenly entered the room. They was accompanied by two umbrellers and a negro gentleman.

“Do you feel for the down-trodden?” said one of the females, a thin-faced and sharp-voiced person in green spectacles.

“Do I feel for it?” anserd the lan’lord, in a puzzle voice; “do I feel for it?”

“Yes; for the oppressed, the benited?”

“Inasmuch as to which?” said the lan’lord.

“You see this man?” said the female, pintin her umbreller at the negro gentleman.

“Yes, marm, I see him.”

“Yes!” said the female, raisin her voice to a exceedin high pitch, “you see him, and he’s your brother!”

“No, I’m darn’d if he is!” said the lan’lord, hastily retreatin to his beer-casks.

“And yours!” shouted the excited female, addressin me, “he is also your brother.”

“No, I think not, marm,” I pleasantly re-

plied. "The nearest we came to that color in our fam'ly was in the case of my brother John. He had the janders for sev'ral years, but they finally left him. I am happy to state that at the present time he hasn't a solitary jander."

"Look at this man!" screamed the female.

I looked at him. He was a able-bodied, well-dressed, comfortable-lookin negro. He looked as tho' he might heave three or four good meals a day into him without a murmur.

"Look at that down-trodden man!" cried the female.

"Who tred on him?" I inquired.

"Villins! despots!"

"Well," said the lan'lord, "why don't you go to the willins about it? Why do you come here tellin us niggers is our brothers, and brandishin your umbrellers round like a lot of lunnytics? You're wuss than the sperrit-rappers."

"Have you," said middle-aged female No. 2, who was a quieter sort of person, "have you no sentiment—no poetry in your soul—no love for the beautiful? Dost never go into the green fields to cull the beautiful flowers?"

"I not only never *dost*," said the landlord, in a angry voice, "but I'll bet you five-pound you can't bring a man as dares say I *dost*."

"The little birds," continued the female, "dost not love to gaze onto them?"

"I would I were a bird, that I might fly to thou!" I humerously sung, castin a sweet glance at the pretty young woman.

"Don't you look in that way at my dawter!" said female No. 1, in a violent voice; "you're old enough to be her father."

"'Twas an innocent look, dear madam," I softly said. "You behold in me an emblem of innocence and purity. In fack, I start for Rome by the first train to-morrer to sit as model to a celebrated artist who is about to sculp a statute to be called Sweet Innocence. Do you s'pose a sculper would send for me for that purpose onless he know'd I was overflowin with innocency? Don't make a error about *me*."

"It is my opinyin," said the leadin female, "that you're a skoffer and a wretch! Your mind is in a wusser beclouded state than the poor negroes we are seekin to aid. You are a groper in the dark cellar of sin. O sinful man!"

There is a sparklin fount,
Come, O, come, and drink!

No: you will not come and drink."

"Yes he will," said the landlord, "if you'll treat. Jest try him."

"As for you," said the enraged female to the lan'lord, "you're a degraded bein, too low and vulgar to talk to."

"This is the sparklin fount for me, dear sis-

ter!" cried the lan'lord, drawin and drinkin a mug of beer. Havin uttered which goak, he gave a low rumblin larf, and relapst into silence.

"My colored fren'," I said to the negro kindly, "what is it all about?"

He said they was tryin to raise money to send missionaries to the Southern States in America to preach to the vast numbers of negroes recently made free there. He said they were without the gospel. They were without tracts.

I said, "My fren', this is a seris matter. I admire you for tryin to help the race to which you belong, and far be it from me to say anything agin carryin the gospel among the blacks of the South. Let the gospel go to them by all means. But I happen to individooally know that there are some thousands of liberated blacks in the South who are starvin. I don't blame anybody for this, but it is a very sad fact. Some are really too ill to work, some can't get work to do, and others are too foolish to see any necessity for workin. I was down there last winter, and I observed that this class had plenty of preachin for their souls, but skurcely any vittles for their stummux. Now, if it is proposed to send flour and bacon along with the gospel, the idea is really a excellent one. If on the t'other hand it is proposed to send preachin alone, all I can say is that it's a hard case for the niggers. If you expect a colored person to get

deeply interested in a tract when his stummuck is empty, you expect too much."

I gave the negro as much as I could afford, and the kind-hearted lan'lord did the same. I said, "Farewell, my colored fren'. I wish you well, certainly. You are now as free as the eagle. Be like him and soar. But don't attempt to convert a Ethiopian person while his stummuck yearns for vittles. And you, ladies—I hope you are as ready to help the poor and unfortunate at home as you seem to be to help the poor and unfortunate abroad."

When they had gone the lan'lord said, "Come into the garden, Ward." And we went and culled some carrots for dinner.





A PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

By Edmund Falconer.



Part the First.

SHE loves me not, and angers when I woo ;
Ah, do not therefore me as lout despise :
Not wanting pride, nor yet as fool I sue,—
Though when Love reasons Love is seldom wise,—
But sighing oft, and sorrowing amain,
He must risk failure, seeking to obtain
The wealth of worth and beauty I would gain.
Some honour comes of every great emprise ;
Ev'n failure nobly borne all shame denies ;
And with the empire of *her* heart in view,
Th' attempt at conquest Love can never rue.
You may not blame the exile that he tries
To over-leap the bounds of Paradise ;
With heav'n assur'd the guerdon of success,
The hope of triumph goes half way to bless ;
And all the promise of Elysium seems
(Ah me, the blissful boldness of my dreams !)
Bounded within her bosom's soft caress.

I may not paint for you her loveliness ;
But if thou'lt hearken, I'll excuse in part
The slavelike homage of my subdued heart,
Which hath surviv'd the cruel shafts of scorn,
And lives on loving, though of love forlorn.
My task, at first, enamour'd Fancy deems
An easy one, such varied charms adorn
My Love, apparent as the day-star beams
To sight ; but O, so faint their reflex seems
In words, indignant Love its truth denies.
What phrase so choice to paint both night and
morn ?

Yet such to find or make my Muse now tries.
Though calmly beautiful, all coldly gleams
The full-orb'd radiance of her dark brown eyes,
As moonlight falls from cloudless northern skies ;
Ah, still the fire that far within them beams
(Such love-light bless'd Endymion's noonday
dreams),

And which translucent crystal overlies,
As 'twere the soul, their beauty but conceals,
In wild'ring lustre oft itself reveals,
Like summer lightning, or volcanic fire
Aloft the mountain, where heav'n's breath congeals
The dewdrop, and hangs icicles around ;
Although beneath, pulsating, seems to bound
A mighty heart, which, moved by strong desire,
Or love-impassion'd, can ev'n flames suspire ;
And promises to him, who yet shall win,

Such wealth of capture, such a rich despoil
Of treasured tendernesses, gems of Thought,
And Feeling fused, and into Passion wrought
(Long hid the sanctuary of her heart within),
As will repay of pilgrimage all toil,
And every risk that may escape a sin.
Amid the pure snows of her virgin breast
To be enshrin'd—her chaste love's chosen saint,
Whom first she would with all sweet thoughts ac-
quaint—
Or, sole, to be its passion-welcom'd guest,
Were, sure, to share one being with the blest!
But, ah, to me heav'n still that hope denies:
Hence this sad brow and these life-wasting sighs.

Part the Second.

*The Passionate Pilgrim, belated on his journey northwards, toilworn and
sinking by the wayside, sighs out his heart in an address*

TO THE SOUTH WIND.

Thou speedest by me, balmy-breathing Wind,
As thou didst share with Love one heart and
mind,
And wouldst not pause, and hadst no other care,
Till thou didst find my peerless lady-fair;

To steal fresh fragrance from her bloomy cheek,
 Mingling thy breath with hers—O, bliss to speak!
 Would I could with thee, Wind! And, ah, since

Fate

That me denies, and toils do here belate,
 Bear thou, sweet Wind, my wishful sigh with
 thee,

And, finding her, on audience fondly wait,
 That thou mayst turn her gentle thoughts to me.
 Whisper it low, and yet right lovingly,
 As thou dost fondle, Wind, the pale primrose
 Late born in that cold North where now dwells
 she,

Who had no cause, I'm sure, to wish to be
 More near the region of eternal snows,
 Since there, high plac'd on scorn,—ah me, *my*
 woes!—

She ever seem'd to dwell for Love and me.
 Tell her I ask of every wind that blows
 From o'er the weary miles that us dis sever,
 If that her eyes are still as bright as ever—
 Those eyes that seem'd of mine to absorb the gaze,
 Which, love-impassion'd, was almost a blaze
 (Though their clear light not ev'n my sighs could
 haze),

Provoking love, but love returning never!
 Those eyes that in remembrance seem to daze,
 Of their flush beauty and o'erpow'ring light,
 All senses mine concentred into sight.

Tell her I ask—and O, how fondly ask!—
 If health enjoyment makes of each light task;
 Blooming at morn, and bright'ning o'er her face?
 (How fain would Love in that sweet sunshine
 bask!),

If moves her form with its accustomed grace;
 And if—to this all other cares give place—
 She is heart-happy and, I hope, heart-free?
 (But, O, still happy though that should not be!);
 If breaks as brightly in her radiant smile
 The joyance of a heart devoid of guile,
 And all so amiable it wills to share
 With ev'ry one that needs consoling care
 Some part the happiness heav'n makes its own,
 Save me (offending that I too much dare),
 To whom she can nor love nor pity spare!
 Ah, this the grief o'er which I most make moan—
She can be cruel unto me alone!

And as my pilgrim-toils must quickly end,
 As e'er thou hast those weary miles o'erflown,
 Love, death-enfranchis'd, shall pass spirit-free
 To heav'n, whilst all that lingers thoughts of me
 Among life's bustling presences, shall be
 (And haply *so much* only with some friend)
 A faint, sad memory, O, let me send
 Blessing, forgiveness, with my latest breath!
 And though 'tis like she may with scorn attend,
 Lest it should pain her, speak not of my death,
 Nor of the woful way my griefs shall end.

Now, bearing with thee Love's full heart and
mind,
And leaving but a soulless clod behind,
To thy blest bourne speed balmy-breathing Wind.





No. 36,504.

BY CLEMENT W. SCOTT.



NE very bright happy March morning in the year 186—, I started with an old college friend of mine from the London-Bridge railway station, determined to have an enjoyable month's holiday, and actually see something of Rome.

Our friends thought us mad, and plainly told us that the idea of seeing anything beyond the bare walls of Rome in a month was ludicrous; and the attempt to acquire even a faint glimmering of its riches in so short a space of time, an insult to the "eternal" city itself. Anyhow, we had made up our minds; and our heads were so full of our plan, that no persuasion or ridicule could possibly divert us from our object. There was a wild exaggeration about our first entertaining the project which tickled us immensely, and made us more than ever determined to carry it through in spite of all opposition. We had been dining together a very few days before we started, and the conversation had turned upon some mutual

friends of ours, who had departed some weeks previously, to be present at the "Easter doings," as they profanely called them.

"Why should we not go too?" said I.

My friend looked me full in the face and did *not* burst out laughing. The bold proposition had been made; there was no beating about the bush, or leading up to a point. All we had to do was to "hark back," and deliberately see what the proposition was worth.

We had both, strange to say, a little spare money; we could both get away for a month; we had both been working very hard; and we both wanted a holiday. Before we rose from dinner our minds were made up; and three days afterwards—it was on a Saturday morning, I remember—we started.

It was the day of the Oxford and Cambridge boat-race, and London had put on that indescribably jolly appearance it always wears on this most eventful occasion. The sun shone brilliantly; the streets were clean and bright; everyone looked, and I am sure was, happy. We were going by the midday mail, and this fact alone prevented our seeing the race. Anyhow, just before arriving at the London-Bridge terminus, we stopped an enthusiastic and jovial-looking cabman, from whose whip waved, somewhat defiantly, as we thought, a stream of dark-blue ribbon.

"Who has won?" we asked in one breath.

"Hoxfut, sir!" he answered.

I immediately threw him a half-crown, and gave a loud yell of delight. Both cabmen naturally thought me mad, and perhaps I was so for the moment. My friend was pleased, but unfortunately he is not given to exhibit such frantic demonstrations of joy as I occasionally indulge in. He checked my enthusiasm, and remonstrated with me for my extravagance.

"If you intend to throw your half-crowns away in this manner, old fellow," he said, "we shall have to remain in Rome until a kind and generous public releases us from our captivity."

"Bother your lectures!" I replied; "you know exactly how much money I've got, and you will have to bring me back somehow or other."

I then reminded him that Oxford had won, and the reminder had the effect of cheering him up a bit, and eventually he got into the train in almost as excited a frame of mind as his friend.

We were intensely merry all the way to Boulogne, and intensely sleepy from there to Paris. Our one night in Paris was not a happy one. The hotel we intended to stay at was full; and, like sleepy idiots that we were, we intrusted ourselves to the tender mercies of a *cocher*, who promised to find us a comfortable little apartment. Directly the door opened, and the sleepy, dirty,

unwholesome-looking *garçon* turned out of bed to admit us, we saw that we were "in for it." Our luggage was on the floor, and there was no retreating. We made a faint attempt at backing out, and looked at one another miserably. But we did not succeed, and suffered accordingly. O, the agonies of that night! Well, never mind; it was but for one night, and we bore our trial bravely.

The happiness of the morning certainly put to flight the miseries we had endured. It was Palm-Sunday; the sun was still shining, and the folks were looking, as they always do in Paris on a Sunday, supremely happy. We walked up through an avenue of box-branches to hear mass at the Madeleine, which was crammed as usual; chairs, as they always are, higgledy-piggledy; the same trampling, squeaking, orderly confusion, devotion, grandeur, and solemnity; the same grave-looking *pompier* with the same eternal cry, "*Les deniers de St.-Pierre! Les deniers de St.-Pierre!*"

We were to start by the night-express for Marseilles. The day was to be spent in idly loitering on the Boulevards; driving to the Bois; eating, drinking, smoking, and anticipating.

In the course of the afternoon our attention was drawn to a huge placard, posted on a dead wall near the Porte St.-Martin. A mighty lot-

tery was in progress, and the list of subscribers was to close that night. The drawing was fixed for an early day in April—in fact, the day after that which was to be devoted to Paris again on our return journey. The first prize was to be 30,000 francs, and the poster looked bold and very tempting.

I stood before the placard, and read it again and again.

“What an extraordinary fellow you are!” said my friend; “have you not done reading that nonsense yet?”

“I should like to have a chance in this lottery,” said I.

“What nonsense! Come along, do.”

“I don’t intend to stir till I have read the bill again. Let me see. I must take down the address.” I noted it in my pocket-book: No. — Rue St.-Honoré. “Now I am ready,” I continued. “Remember, before we dine, we go to No. — Rue St.-Honoré, and take tickets.”

“What is the use of throwing away three francs?” said my economical Mentor.

“That’s my business, *amico mio*,” I replied; “you know how awfully obstinate I am. Don’t say any more about the matter. I intend to go in for the lottery.”

We left the tempting placard and went on our way. At five o’clock we found ourselves in a

comfortable little restaurant about half way up on the left-hand side of the Palais Royal. We had just taken our seats when something seemed to whisper in my ear, "The Lottery!"

"Confound it, yes, I forgot!" said I to my astonished companion. "The Lottery! We have not been to the Rue St.-Honoré, and I have not subscribed."

"Why of course not. You never intended it seriously, did you?"

"Most assuredly," I added; "and, as a proof of my sincerity, here goes. Order the dinner, there's a good fellow. I shall be wretched if I do not gratify this whim of mine."

My friend burst out laughing, and I hurried off to the Rue St.-Honoré.

In about a quarter of an hour I returned with two tickets. I was only just in time; if I had waited till dinner was over, it would have been too late.

"There, you ungrateful monster!" said I, throwing over a ticket to my friend, "that's my present to your wife. And that reminds me that you promised to write a line to that estimable lady from Paris, and you have never done so. You must write before we start to-night."

Honestly, I wanted an excuse to write a letter myself. Not to my wife, because I did not own such a luxury, but to somebody who—well, never

mind—I wanted to write, and that is sufficient reason to give. My virtuous speech took effect; and after dinner the *garçon* was requested to bring us pens, ink, and paper.

My friend wrote a few hurried lines, and enclosed them in an envelope to the worthy lady, who was mourning her dear husband's absence in a very cosy little house in Kensington. I also wrote a few lines. The letter was short, pithy, and I think would have been considered startling by my excellent companion, if he had chanced to look over my shoulder and read it. I also enclosed the letter in an envelope, which was directed to a certain *Miss* —, who of course was crying her eyes out because Arthur was not there to take her for a turn in the Park, and wishing in her heart that the time had come for her to be travelling anywhere with him instead of with “that stupid Mr. —.” In the letter was further enclosed the lottery-ticket, and its introduction necessitated a short and playful postscript. The number of the ticket was 36,504.

We posted the letters with our own hands, and at eight o'clock precisely we were tucked up in a delicious *coupé*; and, with cigars in our mouths, and half-a-dozen bottles of Bock beer under the seat of the carriage, we whizzed out of the railway station *en route* for Marseilles.

There is no need to describe this awfully te-

dious journey, which keeps one a prisoner in a close railway carriage from eight o'clock in the evening until long past twelve on the following morning. We drank and smoked, and were hot and cold; and got out when there was "*dix minutes d'arrêt*," and stretched our legs, and drank coffee, and no doubt looked as we felt—very miserable. However, the morning came at last. There was no more cruel opening of carriage-doors, letting in cold blasts of night wind, and disturbing my friend's dreams of Mrs. ——— and the cosy establishment at Kensington, and my dreams of Miss ——— and the future cosy establishment at — anywhere you like. The morning broke, and the sun rose over the vine-covered hills. We bought oranges at "Orange," and enjoyed them. We saw the peasants going to work, and still we whizzed along. The day wore on, and we smelt sea breezes. My friend roused me from a dull, stupid sort of sleep, and I saw the blue waters of the Mediterranean sparkling in the sunlight. At last we arrived at Marseilles. We felt gritty and uncomfortable, and we looked at our unshorn, seedy countenances in a glass in the station waiting-room, and were horrified. A delicious bath at the hotel, a shave at the barber's, and a not unwelcome breakfast, soon put us straight again; and in less than an hour and a half after our arrival we were on the top of the fortifications just outside

the town, counting the white-sailed ships, and looking out to sea.

It was very hot that day in Marseilles, but extremely pleasant. I think I saw a representative of every nation under heaven. We saw all that could be seen of Marseilles in a very few hours; went down to the quay; found the P. & O. steamer not without much difficulty; saw our berths—luckily in a small cabin together; and went back to dinner.

A fresh breeze sprang up as the moorings were loosened; and at about half-past eight o'clock the famous steamer *Capitole* cut her way in and out of the huge vessels that surrounded her, and the grand white city of Marseilles faded away in the moonlight.

The waking-up the next morning in our very diminutive cabin off the saloon of the *Capitole* was certainly not a pleasant operation. The French sailors sternly refused to give us a sousing by the paddle-wheel at daybreak. We went back to bed again, and then I began to be conscious of the disagreeable motion of the vessel. I broke into a cold perspiration. The steward came in, bringing with him a pestilential odour of garlic, and that quite finished me. I will not enter into details. Suffice it to say that I could not eat any breakfast, but by half-past ten o'clock was on the deck as jolly as ever I was in my life.

And now I must digress a little, and depart slightly from the purely personal nature of this narrative. We had an adventure on board. No, young ladies, it was not a romantic one; and had nothing whatever to do with sentiment, or anything akin to it. I certainly don't know what might have happened if the journey from Marseilles to Civita Vecchia had been longer than it really was. Moonlight on the Mediterranean is not altogether to be sneered at by people of an enthusiastic nature; and when to this is added a cigar in a quiet corner by the compass, enjoyed by a young and susceptible male passenger, and moonlight reflections, enjoyed by a young and extremely beautiful female passenger in another corner not many yards distant; and when the said male passenger amuses himself by ever and anon whistling, and singing in a low and sweet tenor voice snatches from German love-songs, and the female passenger amuses herself by taking up the air in a pure and silvery soprano, supplying all deficiencies, and coquettishly suggesting new melodies for rehearsal,—one hardly knows what the consequences *might* have been. Luckily, the journey from Marseilles to Civita Vecchia affords no opportunity for the repetition of such charming little scenes as these.

As I said before, the adventure has nothing to do with romance. We were all sitting over the saloon dinner-table after dinner on our first

day on board the *Capitole*. The conversation happened to turn upon the beauty and value of coins belonging to various nations. Indeed, I think it was suggested by an old spade-guinea I wore on my own watch-chain, to which a young Italian seemed to take an immense fancy. An American gentleman, sitting at the top of the table—not at all a bad sort of fellow, full of anecdote and fun, and with a poor sick wife wrapped up almost lifeless on deck, which she never seemed to leave morning, noon, or night throughout the journey—instantly capped all that had been previously said, and put in the shade everything which had been shown by the production of a noble coin. It was a Spanish doubloon. The doubloon was passed round the table for inspection. I looked at it and admired it like the rest, and having sufficiently praised its beauty, passed it on. Some time elapsed, and I thought little more of the American gentleman or his doubloon.

I was the first to rise from the table, with my friend, both of us being anxious to get out of the stuffy saloon, and enjoy the fresh air and a cigar on deck.

I was just going out of the saloon, when I was stopped by the voice of our lively American friend.

“I beg your pardon,” he said, “for stopping you; but have you accidentally kept possession of my doubloon?”

"Kept your doubloon!" I said, rather irritated, for I must own that I am rather of a touchy disposition. "Certainly not. I passed it on when I had examined it."

"Well, it is very extraordinary. It has never got back to me. I thought that you had still got it, and were talking about it to your friend."

This was serious and annoying, and we all put our heads together and tried to solve the difficulty. The gentleman next me remembered passing it on distinctly, and so did the next, and next. In fact, all between me and the American gentleman remembered, or thought they remembered, something about its return journey. No, I am wrong in saying all; there was one who remembered nothing whatever, and who seemed rather obstinate in his determination not to think, or try to think, anything about it. He was an exceedingly gentlemanly and rather distinguished-looking man, evidently a Frenchman. He had told us previously that he lived in Paris, and was on his way to Rome to fetch his daughter home after the Easter festivities.

Well, the doubloon could not be found. Its owner seemed annoyed, as he valued the coin, not from its worth, but from certain associations connected with it, and the difficulty of replacing it in the country to which he was going. One of the passengers—an ill-bred Irishman, I think he was—made rather a disagreeable speech, of that un-

comfortable nature that it can hardly be regarded as a joke or resented as an insult, connecting me with the loss of the doubloon, it having last been seen in my possession. This made me more touchy than ever.

I proposed that we should all turn out our pockets. I put the proposition delicately; implying, of course, that if anyone had pocketed the doubloon, it had been done rather accidentally than fraudulently. My proposition was agreed to—no, not unanimously. Several pockets were immediately turned out. There was, however, one dissenting voice to my plan. The gentlemanly Frenchman refused to turn out his pockets. He rose from the table, made the most elegant bow in the world, and left the saloon.

We all looked at one another in blank astonishment. We did not know what to do or say. A hundred different plans of action were proposed and negatived. The American gentleman said he did not want to make a fuss about the matter, and hinted that he would rather bear his loss and disappointment quietly than that there should be a disturbance and *exposé*. He entreated that we would think no more about the matter. We promised to comply with his request as far as possible.

And so we all went on deck; but, to tell the truth, throughout that evening we gave the gen-

tlemanly Frenchman a very wide berth indeed. He slept in the next cabin to ours; and my friend, not wishing to be robbed or assaulted in the night, barricaded our door, and took all his valuables to bed with him.

When we were assembled at breakfast the next morning, the Frenchman entered the saloon. He bowed politely, as usual, and took his seat with the utmost calmness. The men all looked steadily into their plates, and the women instinctively got closer to their husbands.

Breakfast was nearly over when the steward entered and whispered a few words to the captain. The captain proclaimed order, and in a neat little French speech, announced that one of the attendants in sweeping out the saloon had found a piece of money.

"Gentlemen," he said, "has anything been lost?"

"What is it?" we asked in one breath.

The captain rose and held up the money between his finger and thumb.

It was the Spanish doubloon!

There was a general exclamation of surprise expressed in a variety of languages. None of us could help looking at the Frenchman. He returned the gaze boldly, smiled, and went on eating.

I began to think the Frenchman had been

treated badly, and from the first had strongly objected to inculcate him on such hasty evidence. His face was too good, I said, for a dishonest man. I therefore entered into conversation with him; and just before the general move took place, I purposely asked him in a very loud voice, and obviously in extremely bad French, the following rather bold question:

“Would you mind telling us, sir, why you refused to turn out your pockets last night?”

“I have no objection whatever,” he answered.

He made no reply, but fumbled in his waistcoat-pocket; and then he stretched out his arm and held up—

Another Spanish doubloon!

He was a quiet unostentatious man was this Frenchman, and not fond of bluster. Had he produced the doubloon at the time of the general inspection of coins, there would have been no difficulty at all about the matter. As it was, his simplicity was very nearly the means of getting him into a very serious scrape.

We all tendered him the most abject apologies, and told him very frankly what we had thought about his conduct on the previous evening. He laughed most of all at my description of my companion's terror, and his precaution in barricading the door, and reposing on a nubbly watch-chain. We found out the Frenchman was a great swell in

his way—a rich banker in Paris. We became very great friends after this, and took excursions together in and about Rome. His daughter was the most charming girl in the world; and I could write a good deal if I chose about a certain midnight journey to the Colosseum. The moon shone brilliantly, and its rays lighted the simple cross in the centre of this magnificent ruin. Simple Christians came and kissed the cross, and prayed and knelt where many a Christian before them has prayed and bled.

We sat together in a dark recess, and watched the torches passing along the moss-grown and treacherous galleries. I daresay we talked a great deal of nonsense; but it was a charming scene.

Yes, we saw Rome. At least we saw enough of it to make us long to go again and see more; and we drank of the waters of a certain mysterious fountain, which will send us back some day or other, whether we wish it or not. We saw the Pantheon, and the Dying Gladiator, and St. Peter's, and St. Paul's *extra muros*, and the Catacombs, and picture-galleries, and Tivoli, and the Capitol, and the Forum, and Pincio; and many, very many more things we both saw and heard, which quite persuaded us that we had gone on no fool's errand.

Before our month was over, we had not only

done all this, but had run through Pisa, three galleries and ever so many churches in Florence ; and seen—yes, Milan Cathedral, from the top of the roof to the smallest chapel on the basement, to say nothing of Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper," which, by the bye, is crumbling to pieces in a most untidy and disgraceful Italian barrack-room. *Tempora mutantur.* What would Leonardo da Vinci, or any of his holy companions, think of the change that has taken place in their old refectory ? They would hear strange sounds there now, and be shocked at the wild songs ringing now and then through the walls which once echoed to their simple monkish grace.

Our holiday was a bright and a short one. We were dragged up to the summit of the Mont-Cenis pass in a diligence to which sixteen mules were yoked, and were boisterously tumbled down the other side in odd uncomfortable sledges. It was great fun ; only I was an obstinate enthusiast, and insisted on going outside instead of inside the sledge. I got nearly frozen to death for my pains. In Paris we arrived again only too soon. Our money was almost gone ; but after a great deal of difficulty I persuaded my friend to stay a day or two longer, to be present at the first night of a thrilling melodrama at the Porte St.-Martin. My friend yawned through *Le Capitaine Fantôme* ; and he chuckled immensely when a little French

bookseller—a great friend of mine—told us next morning, with the usual shrug of the shoulders,

“Messieurs, c’est une chute !”

Be this as it may, the melodrama excited me enormously ; but, then, the worst-written piece on a Parisian stage and acted by Parisian actors has a similar effect upon me.

On the last night in Paris, just as I had put out my candle and jumped into bed, I remembered we had forgotten a most important thing.

We had made no inquiries about the lottery, or the successful numbers.

We were to start the next morning the very first thing. I knew Parisians are early about ; and I contrived, before it was time to drive off to the station, to go round to the Rue St.-Honoré and see if my curiosity could be gratified. A large p’acard stared me full in the face. Some wonderful hitch had occurred, and the drawing would not take place for another week. I communicated this intelligence to my unexcitable friend.

“You’ve been swindled, old fellow,” he said. And then we went back to London.

All was soon pretty much as it was before ; but somehow or other I could not get the lottery out of my head.

The hero of the doubloon adventure on board the steamer had given me his address in Paris, and I had promised to write to him, and, moreover,

never fail to look him up whenever I happened to be there again. He has a daughter, and I mean to keep my word.

I wrote to my friend, on the sly, on various topics, asked him to get me some books I had forgotten to buy, and casually I introduced the subject of the lottery. I wrote about it in a light, distrustful sort of manner, never hinting that I was in the least interested in the matter, and laying all the blame on a *jeune demoiselle*. He did not answer my letter for some time, and in my heart I began to abuse my friend. At last an answer came full of charming gossip, and with it my books; a remembrance from himself, and a little *cadeau* from his daughter. There was a postscript to the letter. It ran as follows:

“I had almost forgotten to tell you about the lottery. It was a genuine affair after all, and the successful numbers were announced at least three weeks ago. The most curious part of the matter is that the holder of the winning number has not yet presented his or her ticket! The prize for 30,000 francs has been drawn by No. 36,504.”

36,504! Was I dreaming? I rushed out of my chambers, hailed a cab, and drove to a little bit of a house, in which resided a certain young lady who has been alluded to before in this history.

Happily she was at home. Any obstacle to

one in my then excited state would have been dangerous.

Downstairs she came, surprised, and of course highly gratified, at seeing me at such an unusual hour.

"Lily," I said, "where is the lottery-ticket I sent you from Paris?"

"Lottery ticket! Ah! yes, I had almost forgotten it. I gave it to papa to keep safely."

"Where is papa?"

"Gone out. He will not be back till very late this evening."

"What was the number of the ticket?"

"Let's see—I don't remember; but I can tell you though. I wrote it down in my diary."

"Run up and see, there's a darling!"

Upstairs she ran, and downstairs she came again. She popped her head saucily into the door, and, with the prettiest smile in the world, said:

"Now, Mr. Excitable! No. 36,504!"

I gave a great scream of delight.

"Lily! you little pet," I said; "come and give me a great big kiss. You have won about 1,250*l*."

The poor child was almost frantic. I never remember having been so excited. We parted in the highest spirits, and I arranged to come over the next day and get the ticket, in order to send

it to my friend in Paris, who would, of course, take the necessary steps for transmitting me the money.

In the course of the next afternoon I received a telegram from Kensington. This is what it said :

“Come here at once. Papa can’t find the ticket.”

It was only too true. Extra caution was in this case, as it frequently is in many others, a dismal failure. The ticket could not be found anywhere. The old gentleman had hidden it away in a book, and he imagined he could have put his hand upon it at any moment with his eyes shut. The house was turned topsy-turvy ; every hole and corner was searched ; the dust-bin was emptied, and the dust-heap in the contractor’s yard carefully overhauled. For days and days the search was kept up, but no ticket was to be found. I stated the whole case to my friend in Paris, sent over the diary as conclusive evidence, and certainly did expect that this would have had some weight with the managers of the lottery. But they were inexorable. Their rules were clear and distinct on the point. No money was to be paid except on the production of the ticket. All hope was therefore lost.

We bore our disappointment as best we could. Lily left off lamenting, I recovered my temper,

the old gentleman ceased to overwhelm us with apologies, and the matter by general consent was allowed to drop.

Six months after this I was in the old gentleman's study one Sunday evening, smoking and chatting with him. Lily was on the opposite side of the fireplace, listening very attentively, joining sometimes in the conversation, and bestowing on me every now and then a very sweet look. A quotation was wanted from Shakspeare. I got up, referred to the Shakspeare, looked out the quotation, and was about to put the book back on the shelf again. I was stopped by Lily.

"Give me that book," she said; "the idea of papa allowing a nice bound book like this to remain with a dirty brown-holland cover on it! I intend to take it off."

She took the scissiors from her work-box and ripped off the cover. A small scrap of paper fluttered to her feet.

It was the lottery-ticket!

We all looked at one another. We could not speak. Lily was beginning to get excited again, but the excitement died away when I read aloud the printed notice on its back.

"No prize will be paid except on the production of the ticket, or after three months from the date of the publication of the winning numbers."

We all bemoaned our dreadful ill-luck, but,

like true philosophers, did not grumble. It is really no use crying over spilt milk.

I was reminding Lily of this story only the other day. We have a little house and a fireside of our own now, and I am allowed to smoke by it in the evening. In all other matters I get dreadfully bullied. I began picturing to her what might have happened if we had had fortune with us. She came over from her side of the fire and kissed me. And then she whispered very prettily in my ear :

“ Perhaps if we had found the ticket and got the 1,250*l.* we should not have been as happy as we are.”





The Skull Goblet.

A STORY OF CHRISTMAS-EVE.

By T. H. ESCOTT.



IT was about six o'clock on the evening of the 24th of December 186—, the remarkable occurrences of which it is now my purpose to relate as circumstantially and as accurately as I am able, that, after a hard day's hunting, we found ourselves riding up the fine old elm-tree avenue in front of Hatherton Hall. There were four of us ; and neither we, nor, I daresay, our horses, who had done their work famously, were by any means sorry to see the friendly lights shine out on us through the frosty air from the staircase windows in the old Elizabethan mansion.

"I expect," said Hatherton, our host, the young owner of the Hall, just before we drew up under the archway, "that we shall find my mother and sisters have already set off for the Mainwaring's ball ; you know they said that they should most likely avail themselves of their invi-



Sandercock del.

— — — — — HOMEWARD BOUND.

Harrison sc.

tation to dine there before the dance, leaving us, after a cozy dinner to ourselves, to follow them in the brougham—that is to say, if you care about going. I forewarn you, however, that I think the ball is likely to be a terribly dull affair, and you will have a surfeit of such dissipation next week. But the best plan is to dine first, and then we can see how we feel about it.”

I don't think that there is any hour in the day so exquisitely delightful as that which one devotes to one's dinner toilet, after having had a hard run, with a capital scent, over a not less capital country. It is of course important that there should be no hurry or bustle; one must not be staying with those terribly punctual people who sit down to table without allowing one a minute's law; but with sensible, easy-going hosts, who give one a liberal margin for every meal. With the curtains drawn, the fire brightly blazing in the grate, the arm-chair placed close up to it, on which one can sink down and take off one's boots at one's leisure, with possibly the accompaniment of a glass of Madeira to brace one's nerves up to the pitch necessary for the exertion of dressing, a sense of contrast to the cold bleak air without is afforded which is simply delicious. And then the more substantial pleasures of the dinner-table, the cheerful faces, the conversation over the day's events, the laughter, and the

jokes—all these go no inconsiderable way towards making one feel that, in spite of cynicism, the world is by no means as bitter and as empty as it is sometimes painted.

Never did I more keenly appreciate these delights than on that memorable evening; and as we were seated at dinner in the comfortable, well-lighted, oak-panelled dining-room of Hatherton Hall, it would have been difficult to have found a merrier party. We had all been at Christ Church together—indeed Melville and myself had but just taken our degrees, and Hatherton and Elwall had only left about a year since to enter the army, and were at present in the same regiment.

“Well,” said our host, when the dessert was on the table, and the old butler had left the room, “what do you fellows say—shall we go to this place to-night or not? We have a capital excuse if you don’t feel inclined—fatigued after the day’s exertions—dull, unfit for society, and so on.”

“Not a bad idea,” said Melville; “and now that I *do* think about it, I’m afraid we are none of us quite up to making ourselves as agreeable as we ought. Eh, Elwall, what do you say?”

Whatever we might say, there was no doubt about what we really thought; and so it was at once decided that we should abandon all thoughts of the ball, and sit up for the ladies to bid them a merry Christmas when they returned.

"Barnes," said Hatherton, when the old butler made his appearance in answer to a ring at the bell, "let them know at the stables that we sha'n't want the brougham to-night; bring up a bottle of the old port—the yellow seal, you know—and let the coffee be ready in half an hour.—I'm going to show you what 'the family port,' as I call it, is like. My father prided himself on it not a little, I assure you; and it has to my knowledge been in the cellar for twenty years."

"The family port" was quite as good as we had been led to expect, and under its generous influence our hearts began rapidly to unfold. We talked over the days we had had at Christ Church together, how we had been "nailed" by the Proctor for our tandem at the Abingdon Gate, and a host of other such reminiscences and stories.

"I tell you what," was our host's remark, as we were sipping our coffee, "we will go into my study and smoke; it's far snugger than the billiard-room, and everything is ready for us there."

Why Hatherton should speak of the apartment in question by the name of study, it might perhaps be difficult to say, for few rooms could well have borne smaller indications of studious habits. It was a room of tolerable size, rather low perhaps, oak-panelled throughout, and having its sides decorated with a goodly stock of guns, hunting-whips, stags' antlers, fox brushes

pistols, a few admirable hunting sketches painted in oils, and with many other ornaments significant rather of sporting than of strictly studious tastes. Very comfortable indeed was its appearance as we entered it. It was essentially a bachelor's *sanctum*. And this brief description will convey perhaps a more satisfactory idea of its comfort than any other word that could be used. A box of Hudson's best regalias lay on the table; a couple of bottles of Burgundy, which Hatherton assured us were close relations to the port that we had previously taken, were ordered up; and we soon became convinced that we had pursued the only proper course in not going to the Mainwarings' ball.

"One's never up for dancing and ball-room attentions after a hard day's hunting, such as we've had," said Hatherton.

But, however unfit we might have been for the more severe amenities of society, we were undoubtedly in precisely that frame of mind which is necessary for thorough self-enjoyment. The fire burnt clearly, and the rare old Burgundy, as we quaffed it with laughing lips, seemed to laugh at us again. Hatherton's *sanctum* was approached by a long corridor, and the sounds of our festivity and merriment echoed through it, and seemed to return to us with double the strength that they had left us.

“Ah, Hatherton!” said Melville, who had been looking about the room, “why, what have you here? On what rare occasions do you use this goblet ‘of such questionable shape’?” And as he spoke he held up to our view a human skull, which had been so fashioned and prepared as to answer the purpose of a drinking-cup.

“Ah, yes; that head which you now hold in your hands belonged, I believe, once upon a time, to an illustrious ancestor of mine, Sir Hugh de Hathertonne, who fought for his country and his king against the Ironsides of Cromwell. Some years ago, when they were building the South Greenhouse, on the spot on which it is related the private chapel of the hall used to stand, they were digging, and came across a skeleton comfortably reposing in a wooden chest, on which was an iron plate that gave us some knowledge as to who and what its occupant was. The head had become separated from the rest of the body; and I had it lined with silver, and thus set up as you see it now. What do you say—shall we use it for our Burgundy?”

There was a certain quaintness and charm in the proposition which took our fancy, and we did not need much pressing to empty it once and again of the generous fluid which we poured into it. Never, we vowed, had wine tasted so well as it did out of that somewhat ghostly goblet.

There was an exquisite aroma about our potations that we had not noticed before ; and as we lifted it up to the light, and endeavoured to examine the features of what had been the old hero's face, the countenance of the skull itself seemed to become illumined by a smile. We pledged ourselves, our friends, each out of the same cup, till, as the intelligent reader may perhaps infer, another supply of Burgundy was needed. The wine was indeed perfect ; our conversational powers grew more vivid, and we unanimously declared that there never had been or could be such a host as Hatherton ; that it was, in fact, quite as impossible as that this Burgundy could be surpassed, or that his ancestor of the civil wars could again appropriate his head, which so admirably answered our convivial ends. It is needless to say that we drank our host's health,—in truth it was, if I remember right, drunk more than once.

“And now,” said Hatherton, “that we've pledged ourselves, each other, and heaven knows who besides, in this rare old cup, I will tell you of a health that I think we ought to drink, and which I am sure you will kindly and gladly—the health of my fine old ancestor, Sir Hugh de Hathertonne, who formerly owned this head.—Sir Hugh, wherever you may be,” he continued, “I drink to you ; and would that we could have you with us to-night, even though we had to

surrender you your head once more !—Here, you fellows, pass round the goblet and drink to Sir Hugh de Hathertonne.”

We could not disobey so reasonable a toast. I was the first to place the cup to my lips, at the exact moment that the great clock in the hall commenced the stroke of twelve. “Sir Hugh de Hathertonne,” I said with an air of convivial solemnity, “your excellent health; a merry Christmas to you; and would that you might be here to spend it with us !”

The words suited the occasion, and they were repeated by Melville and Elwall as they drank the toast. Elwall drained the goblet quite dry, and placed it on the table just as the echoes of the last stroke of twelve were dying away in the corridor.

“*O noctes cœcæque* — but hush! what is that?” said Melville in a somewhat lower tone than that in which he had commenced speaking.

What was it indeed? We listened intently, and we could clearly hear the sound of a footfall advancing along the corridor. A strange sound it was; so strange and so unreal, that we could not think it the step of an ordinary foot. Yet nearer and nearer came the weird unearthly stride; by slow and gradual degrees it approached us, till we at last felt sure that it must be close outside the very door. Suddenly we observed the

skull upon the table to move—it rolled slowly round, till at last it reached the edge, and then it dropped off, and appeared to fall beneath the table. But the ghostly footstep was now close upon us; the door swung slowly open; the very lamps seemed to burn pale and dim; we strained our eyes to see what would come; and then, pale, motionless, hardly venturing to breathe, we could dimly discern a skeleton, headless form, around which a suit of armour loosely hung. It approached towards the table; it bent down.

“Sir Hugh de Hathertonne!” we cried.

But the skeleton knight, if this indeed was he, did not vouchsafe us a word by way of answer. With a slow and dignified gait he turned back to the door; before quitting the apartment he made us a true knightly bow, closed the door, and then marched down the corridor, till the noise of his ghostly footsteps and the clank of his spectral armour ceased to be heard.

As for what happened immediately after this I personally cannot profess to have any very distinct recollection. I certainly do remember a very loud ringing at the bell, a clattering of horses, and a confused murmur of voices—phenomena which I am induced to associate with the arrival of Mrs. Hatherton and her two daughters from the ball; but I do not feel that I am justified in saying that I can give the reader any succinct narrative of

well-authenticated facts till the morning of December the 25th, when I awoke with the consciousness—ah, yes, I remember that well!—that I was the possessor of an acute headache and a parched tongue and throat. But what is even more remarkable than my own individual defect of memory is the fact that I found a corresponding hiatus existing in the accounts which my companions were able to furnish me of this particular episode in our visit at Hatherton Hall; and that, as if by some inexplicably sympathetic movement, their own sensations on the morning of Christmas-day were of a character exactly similar to my own. I might indeed hazard an explanation of this extraordinary coincidence; but as I am neither the philosophical member for Westminster nor Mr. Herbert Spencer, I think it, on the whole, better to forbear any speculations.

To return to the remaining facts of my narrative. We all met at breakfast at ten o'clock on the morrow which succeeded the memorable midnight visit of the skeleton ancestor of the generous and youthful lord of Hatherton. We thought it prudent to suppress all mention of the events of the previous night; but our faces wore a strangely puzzled look, and our appetites failed us in a manner only to be accounted for by the experience which we had had of our superhuman visitor.

The strangest portion, however, of this extraor-

dinary, unparalleled, yet most scrupulously exact narrative has yet to be stated. After breakfast we went into the room which had been the scene of the nightly (or *knightly*) apparition. We looked for the skull goblet, but it was nowhere to be found. On inquiry we discovered that since the night it had not been seen. Hatherton's study opened on to a lawn; and with surprise stamped upon our countenances we strolled out thither to listen to the clear music of the Christmas bells.

"Hullo," said Melville, "what is this?" and as he spoke he picked up from the crisp frosty grass what appeared to be a ball of silver.

On examination it was found to consist of a thin silver plate rolled flat into the shape of a ball. It was handed to Hatherton, who, after a moment's inspection, at once recognised it as being nothing more nor less than the silver which had lined the skull goblet. We searched high and low in every quarter, but the skull was not to be found. The only rational conclusion seems to be that the gallant Sir Hugh de Hathertonne, while indulging in the pardonable wish to regain property which was without question legally his own, had a knightly horror of taking what by the most rigid interpretation of the law he could not with propriety claim.



Paul Gray del.

H. Orrin Smith sc.



SWEETHEARTING.

BY ANDREW HALLIDAY.



“THERE’S nothing half so sweet in life as love’s young dream.”

Truly! And what a shock it is to a man when he is growing old to think that he will never more be the object of a pretty girl’s love and admiration; that sweetly-scented billets, and languishing glances, and stolen interviews, and sighs, and blushes, and the warm pressure of dainty little fingers, are no more for him!

The sense of this distance between himself and the “maiden of blushing fifteen”—or, for decency’s sake, let us say sixteen—is the first thing that tells a man he is getting old. He may still be young-looking, his “locks may be like the raven, his bonny brow be brent;” but at forty he is too old for romantic love-making. Every other pleasure of life still remains to him—every other pleasure except that of indulging in love’s young dream. He can still enjoy the beauties of nature. The sun is as warm, the sky is as bright, the flowers

are as sweet as ever they were ; but the warmth and the brightness and the sweetness of young love's smile fall upon him no more. !

I don't want to be very sentimental over this subject, and I will try not to be ; but as one who has only very slightly declined into the vale of years, it is very provoking to think that I am considered too old for sweethearting. Suppose that already in my lifetime I have kissed and prattled with fifty fair maids. What of that ? Is there to be no more of it because I am just a year or two older than I was at the time of that picnic, when all the girls' mammas thought I was only six-and-twenty, and smiled upon my prospective suit ? Why is the line to be drawn and the warning-off board to be hoisted just at that time of his life when a man begins to know how to make love ? Why are awkward, inexperienced, unappreciative boys to have the monopoly of the most exquisite and refined pleasure of existence—especially when it is utterly thrown away upon them ? Look at yonder downy-lipped boy making love to pretty Edith in the corner. That young man is entirely raw and inexperienced. You or I could not tolerate his conversation for a moment. If a poem, or a picture, or a work of art were in question, we should never think of asking *his* opinion upon it. If we had a bottle of rare old wine, or a choice cigar, we should never waste it upon *him*.

And yet, by virtue of his very greenness and his incapability of appreciating its true value and beauty, we yield to him, for his exclusive enjoyment, a nobler, richer, more beautiful thing than any work of art—that young, pretty, tender-hearted girl. O, those years, those years leading us to bliss, and yet dragging us away from it!

Don't be alarmed. I regard sweethearting as the most innocent thing in the world. And all who have sweethearted honestly, and felt the pit-a-pat sensation, will acknowledge it to be so. When I was eleven years old I fell in love with a widow. Pale and tearful in her weeds, she seemed to me a most adorable creature. I used to sit on a footstool at her feet and kiss her hand. At times my heart was too big for my body on account of that widow. I could not sleep for thinking of her; and when she went away, I took to my bed and moped. She used a particular scent; and when I smell that scent now, I think of my old flame, and feel something of the old sensation. I saw the lady not long ago; but the sight of her awoke no emotions. I only have the heart-beatings when I smell musk. My affection for that widow was purely ideal; and it is from a purely ideal point of view that I would regard sweethearting.

There is too much prudery in the world with regard to the companionship of boys and girls,

men and women. When a parent or guardian tells a young girl that she is too old now to play with Johnny, that silly parent or guardian quite gratuitously and unconsciously suggests to the girl a thought of evil. Explain all the reasons to her, and an innocent pure-hearted girl will still wonder why she may not continue to play with Johnny. When a young lady and a young gentleman are observed to be very fond of each other's company, and are constantly together, the thing cannot go on long without a parent or guardian, an aunt or an uncle, or some other officious person, stepping in between them, and asking the young man to declare his intentions and bring the matter to a point. A churlish world insists that the pleasant companionship shall be put an end to one way or another, either by immediate separation, or (in some cases) immediate marriage. So when a married man is attentive to other ladies than his wife, and a married woman is pleasant and makes herself agreeable to other men than her husband, a censorious world immediately begins to wink and shrug its shoulders and whisper scandal. I feel assured that in most cases where evil ensues, it is the direct result not of free companionship, but of the restriction which makes innocence a crime. Because I am married, am I never to talk to pretty girls any more? And you, madam, because you are

a wife, are you never more to hear compliments, and talk and laugh with the men? There is no more mischievous, misery-making custom in our society than this constant suspicion which dogs the steps of married people. It makes us a nation of grand Turks, each with a single wife mewed up in a high-walled harem. This very wall, which we regard as a protection, is in itself an invitation to invasion.

With regard to sweethearting: I think the feverish anxiety of parents and guardians "to bring the matter to a point" is often the cause of hurried decisions, which are repented when too late. A man looks at the pretty things in the window, and he is immediately dragged into the shop and compelled to buy. So with the woman. But if they had gone on and looked in at other windows, they might have seen prettier things—things that suited them better. Why may we not be permitted to saunter about and look in at many shop-windows? Gold does not tarnish, gems do not lose their lustre because they are looked at.

The popular sentiment about first love is, I take it, all nonsense. It is a delightful thing to remember no doubt, but only because it is a mere sentiment. It never breaks hearts nor blights lives except in novels. When I recovered the widow, I fell in love with a blue-eyed, flaxen-haired

little beauty, who, one day, chanced to row me across a river in a ferry-boat. After that, for many weeks, I spent all my pocket-money in being rowed backwards and forwards by that lovely water-nymph. I can recall her image now, and it gives me a thrill of the heart; and, in an ideal sort of way, I can at a moment's notice be as much in love with her as ever I was. But suppose I had married her. It is probable, I think, that something might have occurred, before now, to cloud the remembrance of the bright vision which I can now have, because I didn't marry her. I did not break my heart for Maggy, and Maggy did not break her heart for me. It was pleasant for us at the time; it was none the worse for us afterwards; and now, after many years, I can conjure up a picture of Maggy and myself sitting together in the boat, and feel young again and sentimentally happy.

Alas, I can only go sweethearting now in memory; for I am growing elderly, and the girls won't listen to me now. I can but look on at others.

Looking on at others from this lofty judicial—I will not say pinnacle, but—shelf, I will glance for a moment at various kinds and phases of sweethearting. I see a great deal of it going on every day in all sorts of places and among all sorts of people; and I have this remark to make with regard to it generally—that it must be a great

happiness to be young and eligible at a time when the girls are so remarkably pretty. In this present generation we seem to have cultivated varieties of pretty girls as industriously as we have cultivated varieties of pretty flowers. Love's garden in my young days had but a pretty flower here and there; now it is blooming all over.

Looking on, then, at sweethearting in the highest circles—I know a lord and a lady or two, but I am not bragging of it—I am inclined to think that sweethearting among the aristocracy is somewhat cold and formal. The phrases of the fashionable intelligencer convey a pretty accurate idea of the cold and placid way in which the course of love runs in those channels. A marriage is “*arranged*” between the noble marquis and the lovely and accomplished Lady So-and-so. The noble marquis “leads her ladyship to the hymeneal altar.” I am afraid that the arrangement is made rather hurriedly sometimes; that there is not much preliminary flirtation; that there is little love-letter writing. The noble marquis is on the look-out for a wife; he sees a young lady of his own class whom he likes, loves perhaps. The young lady likes him; perhaps does not love him desperately as yet, but sees no reason why she should not when she knows more of him. But etiquette and the exigencies of fashionable society demand that the matter should be

brought to the point at once. Young ladies of the fashionable world count their years and opportunities by "seasons." There are other young ladies of the family waiting to push their way into the matrimonial market, and every new season has a new crop of belles. And so the noble marquis and her ladyship are hurried to St. George's Hanover-square, after a brief courtship, which has afforded them no time or scope for the delights of sweethearting. I don't say that their marriages are less happy on this account; but I do think it very hard that custom should deprive men and women, whatever their rank in life, of a fair opportunity of tasting the choicest sweets of existence at the very time when they have a tooth and a palate for them.

The middle classes imitate the practice of the aristocracy without having the same reason for it. More time is given for sweethearting, it is true, but the "parties" must be engaged at the beginning of it; and they cannot change their minds without a scandal, the intervention of a big brother, or an appeal to the law. The middle-class young man must not show a liking for a young lady's society unless he be prepared to make her a promise of marriage. Write something in her album, hand her into the brougham, show a desire to sit next her, simply because you like her sprightly conversation, and it becomes a serious

matter on the instant. Up comes papa or mamma and says solemnly, "What are your intentions, young man?" And if you declare that you have no intentions, they come down upon you with—"Then how dare you trifle with my daughter's affections?"

It appears to me that the sweethearting which goes on among the lower classes is the most natural, the most pleasant, and, on the whole, the most innocent. I refer to what is called "keeping company"—the loves of the shop-lad and the milliner's girl, the journeyman carpenter and the housemaid, the greengrocer's man and the cook. They have their Sundays out and their periodical holidays, and away they go, dressed in all their best, to Greenwich, and Richmond, and Hampton Court. And they romp, and run, and play at kiss-in-the-ring, and feast mirthfully on tea and shrimps in green arbours, where each young man sits with his arm round each young woman's waist. It is all perfectly natural and unrestrained here, and yet in all essential respects quite as proper as in the sphere where there is a stiff, starched, calculating mamma to drench human nature with the cold water of etiquette. Young men and young women of this class enjoy a good deal of sweethearting before they finally make up their minds to get married. It is entirely their own affair.

There is no society to frown at them ; and they follow the dictates of their own natural inclinations. Of course I am supposing that they are honest men and women ; and I believe there is as much honesty and virtue in this class as in any other. There would be more, if masters and mistresses were more thoughtful, more kind, and more reasonably indulgent. “ No followers allowed ” is the most senseless, cruel, mischievous law in the code of society. We say to our servant girls, “ You must live in our lower premises and do our work ; you shall have so much a year in wages and your food ; but you cannot be permitted to indulge your natural affections. Neither your father nor your mother, your sister nor your brother, your cousin nor your sweetheart, must come near the house of your bondage.” This is cruel and selfish in the last degree ; and if the regulation is enforced in the interests of morality, it is a stupid mistake. The effect is just the contrary. Imprisoned birds, when they get free, are apt, in their headlong flight, to dash themselves against the first wall that comes in their way. I believe I am the horror of all my neighbours because I allow my servant girls to have their sweethearts in to tea occasionally. But I have never had a servant leave me except to get married. I have no trouble with them. They do their work cheerfully ; they seldom want to go out ;

and when they do go out for a holiday, they return at a proper hour, generally escorted to the door by a sweetheart or relation, who is perfectly well known to me. Why should not Molly have her sweetheart as well as the misses above stairs? She has the same heart and the same woman's destiny as they have. This is a matter of the highest importance; and I believe that if masters and mistresses were more indulgent to their servants, and more reasonable in their treatment of them in this regard, a great step would be gained towards the solution of a social problem which has hitherto appeared utterly hopeless. On the whole, I am disposed to think that all classes of society would be happier and more virtuous, if they were left more at liberty to pursue an unrestrained course in all affairs of the heart and sympathies.



EARLY DAYS.

Romance.

C. FURTADO.

PIANOFORTE.

Andante mosso.

Yon rus - tic cot was

once my home: Tempted, a - las! for wealth to roam

From thy dear wood - land side, . . I gaze up-on thy



A. Thompson del.

W. Thomas sc.

First system of musical notation. The vocal line (treble clef) contains the lyrics "crys - tal stream, Whose sun - ny banks of mos - sy green Re -". The piano accompaniment consists of a right-hand part (treble clef) and a left-hand part (bass clef). The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4.

Second system of musical notation. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "- proach my fool - ish pride, . . Re-proach my fool - ish". The piano accompaniment continues with the same instrumental parts.

Third system of musical notation. The vocal line begins with the word "pride." followed by a long rest. The piano accompaniment continues with the same instrumental parts.

Fourth system of musical notation. The vocal line is a whole rest. The piano accompaniment continues with the same instrumental parts, ending with a double bar line.

Oft in my dreams my fan - cy free,

The first system of the musical score for 'Early Days'. It features a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The lyrics 'Oft in my dreams my fan - cy free,' are written below the vocal line. The piano part consists of chords and moving lines in both hands.

Pic - tures the dance be - neath yon tree,

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'Pic - tures the dance be - neath yon tree,'. The piano accompaniment continues with similar harmonic and melodic patterns.

Un - der whose lea - fy boughs . . . My

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'Un - der whose lea - fy boughs . . . My'. The piano accompaniment continues with similar harmonic and melodic patterns.

dar - ling Kate, with down - cast eyes, Re -

The fourth system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'dar - ling Kate, with down - cast eyes, Re -'. The piano accompaniment continues with similar harmonic and melodic patterns.

First system of musical notation. The vocal line (treble clef) contains the lyrics: " - spond - ed to my - ar - dent sighs, And". The piano accompaniment consists of a right-hand part (treble clef) and a left-hand part (bass clef). The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 2/4.

Second system of musical notation. The vocal line (treble clef) contains the lyrics: "blest my ear - - ly " vows, . . . And". The piano accompaniment continues with right-hand (treble) and left-hand (bass) parts. The key signature remains two flats, and the time signature is 2/4.

Third system of musical notation. The vocal line (treble clef) contains the lyrics: "blest my ear - ly vows.". The piano accompaniment continues with right-hand (treble) and left-hand (bass) parts. The key signature remains two flats, and the time signature is 2/4.

Fourth system of musical notation. The vocal line (treble clef) is empty, indicated by a whole rest. The piano accompaniment continues with right-hand (treble) and left-hand (bass) parts. The key signature remains two flats, and the time signature is 2/4.

Early Days.

MINOR.
Piu mosso.

Dance on, thou mer - ry laugh - ing brook,

Bab - bling to shade and mos - sy nook,

rall. un poco.
Old friends of days gone by: One

legato.
last a - dieu, my heart is torn! A -

- lone, de-ject - ed, and for - lorn, I've

wan - der'd here to die, I've wan - der'd here to

rall.

die,

piu lento.



THE TRIUMPH OF VICE.

A Fairy Tale.

By W. S. GILBERT.



THE wealthiest in the matter of charms, and the poorest in the matter of money, of all the well-born maidens of Tackleschlosstein, was the Lady Bertha. Her papa, the Baron von Klauffenbach, was indeed the fortunate possessor of a big castle on the top of a perpendicular rock, but his estate was deeply mortgaged, and there was not the smallest probability of its ever being free from the influence of the local money-lender. Indeed, if it comes to that, I may be permitted to say, that even in the event of that wildly improbable state of things having come to pass, the amount realised by the sale of the castle and perpendicular rock would not have exceeded one hundred and eighty pounds sterling, all told. So the Baron von Klauffenbach did not even wear the outward show of being a wealthy man.

The perpendicular rock being singularly arid and unproductive even for a rock, and the Baron

being remarkably penniless even for a Baron, it became necessary that he should adopt some decided course by which a sufficiency of bread, milk, and sauerkraut might be provided to satisfy the natural cravings of the Baron von Klauffenbach and that fine growing girl Bertha, his daughter. So the poor old gentleman was only too glad to let down his drawbridge every morning, and sally forth from his stronghold, to occupy a scrivener's stool in the office of the local money-lender to whom I have already alluded. In short, the Baron von Klauffenbach was a usurer's clerk.

But it is not so much with the Baron von Klauffenbach as with his beautiful daughter Bertha that I have to do. I must describe her. She was a magnificent animal. She was six feet in height, and splendidly proportioned. She had a queenly face, set in masses of wonderful yellow hair; big blue eyes, and curly little mouth (but with thick firm lips), and a nose which, in the mercantile phraseology of the period, defied competition. Her figure was grandly, heroically outlined; firm as marble to the look, but elastically yielding to the touch. Bertha had but one fault—she was astonishingly vain of her magnificent proportions, and held in the utmost contempt anybody, man or woman, who fell short of her in that respect. She was the toast of all the young clerks of Tackleschlosstein; but all the young clerks of

Tackleschlosstein were to the Lady Bertha as so many midges to a giantess. They annoyed her, but they were not worth the trouble of deliberate annihilation. So they went on toasting her, and she went on scorning them.

Indeed, the Lady Bertha had but one lover whose chance of success was worth the ghost of a halfpenny—and he was the Count von Krappentrapp. The Count von Krappentrapp had these pulls over the gay young clerks of Tackleschlosstein—that he was constantly in her society, and was of noble birth. That he was constantly in her society came to pass in this wise. The Baron von Klauffenbach, casting about him for a means of increasing—or rather of laying the first stone towards the erection of—his income, published this manifesto on the walls of Tackleschlosstein:

“A nobleman and his daughter, having larger premises than they require, will be happy to receive into their circle a young gentleman engaged in the village during the day. Society musical. Terms insignificant. Apply to the Baron von K., Post Office, Tackleschlosstein.”

The only reply to this intimation came from the Count von Krappentrapp; and the only objection to the Count von Krappentrapp was, that he was not engaged in the village during the day. But this objection was eventually overruled by the Count's giving the Baron, in the handsomest

manner in the world, his note of hand for ten pounds at six months' date, which was immediately discounted by the Baron's employer. I am afraid that the Baron and the Count got dreadfully tipsy that evening. I know that they amused themselves all night by shying ink-bottles from the battlements at the heads of the people in the village below.

It will easily be foreseen that the Count von Krappentrapp soon fell hopelessly in love with Bertha; and those of my readers who are accustomed to the unravelling of German legendary lore will long ere this have made up their minds that Bertha fell equally hopelessly in love with the Count von Krappentrapp. But in this last particular they will be entirely in error. So far from encouraging the gay young Count, she regarded him with feelings of the profoundest contempt. Indeed, truth compels me to admit that the Count was repulsive. His head was enormous, and his legs were insignificant. He was short in stature, squab in figure, and utterly detestable in every respect, except in this, that he was always ready to put his hand to a bill for the advantage of the worthy old Baron. And whenever he obliged the Baron in this respect, he and the old gentleman used to get dreadfully tipsy, and always spent the night on the battlements, throwing ink-bottles on the people in the

village below. And whenever the Baron's tradespeople in the village found themselves visited by a shower of ink-bottles, they knew that there was temporary corn in Egypt, and they lost no time in climbing up the perpendicular rock with their little red books with the gilt letters in their hands, ready for immediate settlement.

It was not long after the Count von Krappentrapp came to lodge with the Baron von Klaußenbach that the Count proposed to the Baron's daughter; and in about a quarter of a minute after he had proposed to her, he was by her most unequivocally rejected. Then he slunk off to his chamber, muttering and mouthing in a manner which occasioned the utmost consternation in the mind of Gretchen, the castle maid-of-all-work, who met him on his way. So she offered him a bottle of cheap scent and some peppermint drops; but he danced at her in such a reckless manner when she suggested these humble refreshments, that she went to the Baron and gave him a month's warning on the spot.

Everything went wrong with the Count that day. The window-blinds wouldn't pull up, the door wouldn't close, the chairs broke when he sat on them; and before half his annoyances had ceased he had expended all the bad language he knew. The Count was conscientious in one matter only, and that was in the matter of bad language.

He made it a point of honour not to use the same expletive twice in the same day. So when he found that he had exhausted his stock of swearing, and that, at the moment of exhaustion, the chimney began to smoke, he simply sat down and cried feebly.

But he soon sprang to his feet; for in the midst of an unusually large puff of smoke he saw the most extraordinary being he had ever beheld.



He was about two feet high, and his head was as long as his body and legs put together. He had an old antiquated appearance about him; but, excepting that he wore a long stiff tail, with a spear-point at the end of it, there was nothing absolutely unearthly about him. His hair, which

resembled the crest or comb of a cock in its arrangement, terminated in a curious little queue, which turned up at the end, and was fastened with a bow of blue ribbon. He wore mutton-chop whiskers and a big flat collar, and his body and misshapen legs were covered with a horny incrustation which suggested black beetles. On his crest he wore a three-cornered hat—anticipating the invention of that article of costume by about three hundred years.

“I beg your pardon,” said this phenomenon, “but can I speak to you?”

“Evidently you can,” replied the Count, whose confidence had returned to him.

“I know; but what I mean is, will you listen to me for ten minutes?”

“That depends very much upon what you talk about. Who are you?” asked the Count.

“I’m a sort of gnome.”

“A gnome?”

“A sort of gnome; I won’t enter into particulars, because they won’t interest you.”

The apparition hesitated, evidently hoping the Count would assure him that any particulars of the gnome’s private life would interest him deeply; but he only said—

“Not the least bit in the world.”

“You are poor,” said the gnome.

“Very,” replied the Count.

"Ha," said he; "some people are. Now I am rich."

"*Are* you?" asked the Count, beginning to take an interest in the matter.

"I am, and would make you rich too; only you must help me to a wife."

"What! Repay good with evil? Never!"

He didn't mean this; only he thought it was a smart thing to say.

"Not exactly," said the gnome; "I sha'n't give you the gold until you have found me the wife; so that I shall be repaying evil with good."

"Yes," said the Count, musing; "I didn't look at it in that light at all. I see it quite from your point of view. But why don't you find a wife for yourself?"

"Well," said the gnome diffidently, "I'm not exactly—you know—I'm—that is—I want a word!"

"Beastly ugly?" suggested the Count.

"Ye-e-es," said the gnome (rather taken aback); "something of that sort. *You* know."

"Yes, *I* know," said the Count; "but how am I to help you? I can't make you pretty."

"No; but I have the power of transforming myself three times during my gnome existence into a magnificent young man."

"O-h-h-h!" said the Count slyly.

"Exactly. Well, I've done that twice, but

without success as far as regards getting a wife. This is my last chance."

"But how can I help you? You say you can change yourself into a magnificent young man; then why not plead your own cause? I, for my part, am rather—a—"

"Repulsive?" suggested the gnome, thinking he had him there.

"Plain," said the Count.

"Well," replied the gnome, "there's an unfortunate fact connected with my human existence."

"Out with it. Don't stand on ceremony."

"Well, then, it's this. I begin as a magnificent young man six feet high, but I diminish imperceptibly day by day, whenever I wash myself, until I shrink into the—a—the—the—"

"Contemptible abortion?"

"A—yes—thank you—you see me. Well, I've tried it twice, and I've found on each occasion a lovely girl who was willing and ready to marry me; but during the month or so that elapsed between each engagement and the day appointed for the wedding, I shrunk so perceptibly (one is obliged, you know, to wash one's face during courtship), that my bride-elect became frightened and cried off. Now, I have seen the Lady Bertha, and I am determined to marry her."

"You? Ha, ha! Excuse me, but—Ha, ha!"

"Yes, I. But you will see that it is essential

that as little time as possible should elapse between my introduction to her and our marriage."

"Of course; and you want me to prepare her to receive you, and marry you there and then, without delay."

"Exactly; and if you consent, I will give you several gold-mines, and as many diamonds as you can carry."

"You will? My dear sir, say no more! 'Revenge! revenge! revenge! Timotheus cried,' " sang he, quoting a popular comic song of the day. "But how do you effect the necessary transformation?"

"Here is a ring which gives me the power of assuming human form once more during my existence. I have only to put it on my middle finger, and the transformation is complete."

"I see—but—couldn't you oblige me with a few thalers on account?"

"Um," said the gnome; "it's irregular; but here are two."

"Right," said the Count, biting them; "I'll do it. Come the day after to-morrow."

"At this time?" said the gnome.

"At this time."

"Good-night."

"Good-night."

And the gnome disappeared up the chimney.

The Count von Krappentrapp hurried off,

without loss of time, to communicate to the lovely Bertha the splendid fate in store for her.

"Lady Bertha," said he, "I come to you with a magnificent proposal."

"Now, Krappentrapp," said Bertha, "don't be a fool. Once for all, I *will* NOT have you."

"I am not alluding to myself; I am speaking on behalf of a friend."

"O, any friend of yours, I'm sure," began Bertha politely—

"Thanks, very much."

"Would be open to the same objection as yourself. He would be repulsive."

"But he is magnificent!"

"He would be vicious."

"But he is virtuous!"

"He would be insignificant in rank and in stature."

"He is a prince of unexampled proportions!"

"He would be absurdly poor."

"He is fabulously wealthy!"

"Indeed!" said Bertha; "your story interests me." (She was intimately acquainted with German melodrama.) "Proceed."

"This prince," said Krappentrapp, "has heard of you, has seen you, and consequently has fallen in love with you."

"O, g'long," said Bertha giggling, and nudging him with her extraordinarily moulded elbow.

“Fact. He proposes to settle on you Africa, the Crystal Palace, several solar systems, the Rhine, and Rosherville. The place,” added he, musingly, “to spend a happy, happy day!”

“Are you in earnest, or” (baring her right arm to the shoulder) “is this some of your non-sense?”

“Upon my honour I am in earnest. He will be here the day after to-morrow at this time to claim you, if you consent to have him. He will carry you away with him alone to his own province, and there will marry you.”

“Alone? I couldn’t think of such a thing!” said Bertha, who was a model of propriety.

“H’m,” said the Count; “that is awkward, certainly. Ha! a thought! You shall marry him first, and start afterwards; only, as he has to leave this in two days, the wedding must take place without a moment’s delay.”

You see, if he had suggested this in the first instance, she would have indignantly rejected the notion, on principle. As it was, she jumped at it, and, as a token of peace, let down her sleeve.

“I can provide my trousseau in two days. I will marry him the day he arrives, if he turns out to be all that you have represented him. But if he does not—” And she again bared her arm, significantly, to the shoulder.

That night the Baron von Klauffenbach and

the Count von Krappentrapp kept it up right merrily on the two thalers which the Count had procured from the gnome. The Baron was overjoyed at the prospect of a princely son-in-law; and the shower of ink-bottles from the battlements was heavier than ever.

The second day after this the gnome appeared to Count Krappentrapp.

“How do you do?” said the Count.

“Thank you,” said the gnome; “I’m pretty well. It’s an awful thing being married.”

“O no. Don’t be dispirited.”

“Ah, it’s all very well for you to say that; but— Is the lady ready?” said he, changing the subject abruptly.

“Ready? I should think so. She’s sitting in the Banqueting Hall in full bridal array, panting for your arrival.”

“O! Do I look nervous?”

“Well, candidly, you do,” said the Count.

“I’m afraid I do. Is everything prepared?”

“The preparations,” said the Count, “are on the most magnificent scale. Half buns and cut oranges are scattered over the place in luxurious profusion, and there is enough gingerbierheimer and currantweinmilch on tap to float the Rob Roy canoe! Gretchen is engaged, as I speak, in cutting ham sandwiches recklessly in the kitchen; and the Baron has taken down the ‘Apartments

Furnished,' which has hung for ages in the stained-glass window of the Banqueting Hall."

"I see," said the gnome. "To give a tone to the thing."

"Just so. Altogether it will be the completest thing you ever saw."

"Well," said the gnome, "then I think I'll dress."

For he had not yet taken his human form.

So he slipped a big carbuncle ring on to the middle finger of his right hand. Immediately the room was filled with a puff of smoke from the chimney, and when it had cleared away, the Count saw, to his astonishment, a magnificent young man in the place where the gnome had stood.



"There is no deception!" said the gnome.

"Bravo! Very good indeed! very neat!" said the Count, applauding.

"Clever thing, isn't it?" said the gnome.

"Capital; most ingenious. But now—what's your name?"

"It's an odd name—Prince Pooh."

"Prince Pooh? Pooh! Pooh! you're joking."

"Now take my advice, and never attempt to pun on a fellow's name; you may be sure that, however ingenious the joke may be, it's certain to have been done before over and over again to his face. Your own particular joke is precisely the joke that every fool makes when he first hears my name."

"I beg your pardon—it *was* weak. Now, if you'll come with me to the Baron, you and he can settle preliminaries."

So they went to the Baron, who was charmed with his son-in-law elect. Prince Pooh settled on Bertha the whole of Africa, the Crystal Palace, several solar systems, the Rhine and Rosherville, and made the Baron a present of Siberia and Vesuvius; after that they all went down to the Banqueting Hall, where Bertha and the priest were awaiting their arrival.

"Allow me," said the Baron. "Bertha, my dear, Prince Pooh—who has behaved *most handsomely*" (this in a whisper). "Prince Pooh—

my daughter Bertha. Pardon a father if he is for a moment unmanned."

And the Baron wept over Bertha, while Prince Pooh mingled his tears with those of Count Krapentrapp, and the priest with those of Gretchen, who had finished cutting the sandwiches. The ceremony was then gone into with much zeal on all sides, and on its conclusion the party sat down to the elegant collation already referred to. The Prince declared that the Baron was the best fellow he had ever met, and the Baron assured the Prince that words failed him when he endeavoured to express the joy he felt at an alliance with so unexceptionable a Serene Highness.

The Prince and his bride started in a carriage and twenty-seven for his country-seat, which was only fifty miles from Tackleschlosstein, and that night the Baron and the Count kept it up harder than ever. They sent down to the local silversmith to buy up all the presentation silver inkstands in his stock; and the shower of inkstands from the castle-battlements on the heads of the villagers below that night is probably without precedent or imitation in the chronicles of revelry.

* * * * *

Bertha and Prince Pooh spent a happy honeymoon: Bertha had one, and only one cause of complaint against Prince Pooh, and that was an insignificant one—do all she could, she couldn't

persuade him to wash his face more than once a week. Bertha was a clean girl for a German, and was in the constant habit of performing ablutions three or even four times a week; consequently her husband's annoying peculiarity irritated her more than it would most of the young damsels of Tackleschlosstein. So she would contrive when he was asleep to go over his features with a damp towel; and whenever he went out for a walk she hid his umbrella, in order that, if it chanced to rain, he might get a providential and sanitary wetting.

This sort of thing went on for about two months, and at the end of that period Bertha began to observe an extraordinary change not only in her husband's appearance, but also in her own. To her horror she found that both she and her husband were shrinking rapidly! On the day of their marriage each of them was six feet high, and now her husband was only five feet nine, while she had diminished to five feet six—owing to her more frequent use of water. Her dresses were too long and too wide for her. Tucks had to be run in everything to which tucks were applicable, and breadths and gores taken out of all garments which were susceptible of these modifications. She spent a small fortune in heels, and even then had to walk about on tiptoe in order to escape remark. Nor was Prince Pooh a whit more easy in his mind

than was his wife. He wore the tallest hats with the biggest feathers, and the most preposterous heels to his boots that ever were seen. Each seemed afraid to allude to these extraordinary modifications to each other, and a gentle melancholy took the place of the hilarious jollity which had characterised their proceedings hitherto.

At length matters came to a crisis. The Prince went out hunting one day, and fell into the Rhine from the top of a tall rock. He was an excellent swimmer, and he had to remain about two hours, swimming against a powerful tide, before assistance arrived. The consequence was, that when he was taken out he had shrunk so considerably that his attendants hardly knew him. He was reduced, in fact, to four feet nine.

On his return to his castle he dressed himself in his tallest hat and highest heels, and, warming his chilled body at the fire, he nervously awaited the return of his wife from a shopping expedition in the neighbourhood.

"Charles," said she, "further disguise were worse than useless. It is impossible for me to conceal from myself the extremely unpleasant fact that we are both of us rapidly shrinking. Two months since you were a fine man, and I one of the most magnificent women of this or any other time. Now *I* am only middle-sized, and you have suddenly become contemptibly small. What does this mean?"

that his horse was still in the Rhine, he ran off as hard as he could to get it out.

Bertha was evidently vexed. She began to suspect that she had married the Fiend, and the consideration annoyed her much. So she determined to write to her father, and ask him what she had better do.

Now, Prince Pooh had behaved most shabbily to his friend Count Krappentrapp. Instead of giving him the gold-mines and diamonds which he had promised him, he sent him nothing at all but a bill for twenty pounds at six months, a few old masters, a dozen or so of cheap hock, and a few hundred paving-stones, which were wholly inadequate to the satisfaction of the Count and the Baron's craving for silver inkstands. So Count Krappentrapp determined to avenge himself on the Prince at the very earliest opportunity; and in Bertha's letter the opportunity presented itself.

He saddled the castle donkey, and started for Poohberg, the Prince's seat. In two days he arrived there, and sent up his card to Bertha. Bertha admitted him; and he then told her the Prince's real character, and the horrible fate that was in store for her if she continued to be his wife.

"But what am I to do?" said she.

"If you were single again, whom would you marry?" said he with much sly emphasis.

"O," said the Princess, "you, of course."

"You would?"

"Undoubtedly. Here it is in writing."

And she gave him a written promise to marry him if anything ever happened to the Prince her husband.

"But," said the Count, "can you reconcile yourself to the fact that my proportions are insignificant?"

"Compared with me, as I now am, you are gigantic," said Bertha. "I am cured of my pride in my own splendid stature."

"Good," said the Count. "You have noticed the carbuncle that your husband (husband! ha, ha! but no matter) wears on his middle finger?"

"I have."

"In that rests his charm. Remove it while he sleeps; he will vanish, and you will be a free woman."

* * * * *

That night, as the clock struck twelve, the Princess removed the ring from the right hand middle finger of Prince Pooh. He gave a fearful shriek; the room was filled with smoke; and on its clearing off, the body of the gnome in his original form lay dead upon the bed, charred to ashes!

* * * * *

The castle of Poohberg, however, remained, and all that was in it. The ashes of the monster were buried in the back garden; and a horrible

leafless shrub, encrusted with a black, shiny, horny bark, that suggested black beetles, grew out of the grave with astounding rapidity. It grew, and grew, and grew, but never put forth a leaf; and as often as it was cut down it grew again. So when Bertha (who never recovered her original proportions) married Count Krappen-trapp, it became necessary to shut up the back garden altogether, and to put ground-glass panes into the windows which commanded it. And they took the dear old Baron to live with them, and the Count and he spent a jolly time of it. The Count laid in a stock of inkstands which would last out the old man's life, and many a merry hour they spent on the hoary battlements of Poohberg. Bertha and her husband lived to a good old age, and died full of years and of honours.

Moral.

Thus, notwithstanding all that has been said to the contrary, vice is sometimes triumphant. Cunning, malice, and imposture may not flourish immediately they are practised, but depend upon it, my dear children, that they will assert their own in the end.

Cupid's Mamma.

BY HENRY S. LEIGH.

No Venus—anything but that;
 Could Fancy, howsoever flighty,
Transform the mother of this brat
 To aught resembling Aphrodité?
No Venus; but the daily sport
 Of common cares and vulgar trials;
No monarch of a Paphian court—
 Her court is in the Seven Dials.

She taught young Love to play the part,
 And bend the bow and aim the arrows;
Those arms will hardly pierce a heart,
 Unless it be a Cockney sparrow's.
Alas, the Truthful never wooed
 The Beautiful to fashion Cupid;
But, in a sympathetic mood,
 Perhaps the Ugly wooed the Stupid.



Matt. Morgan del.

T. Bolton sc.

Is Cupid nervous? Not a bit.

Love seeks no mortal approbation;
Stalls, boxes, galleries, and pit,

May hiss or cheer the transformation.
Mamma looks anxious and afraid

In parting from our young beginner,
Whose little wages—weekly paid—
Will give them once a week a dinner.





Mrs. Brown backs the Favourite.

BY ARTHUR SKETCHLEY.



HE was a noble-lookin' old man as ever I see, with a brooch in 'is shirt-front as though as he belonged to a old family ; and when he took my apartments 'is manners was George the Fourth all over, tho' not sich a fine 'ead of 'air, as I've seen a pieter of that monerarch a-setting on 'is sofy, as was nat'ral curl I should say, with a fir pelisse, and a lovely leg and foot as you don't see now a days thro' the trousers, as I 'ad a aunt as never could abear them asayin' as they shet out the calf, as is a fine sight, tho' in some is deficient, as no doubt leads to concealment.

Well, as I was asayin', tho' not a fine man, for I should say five foot four were 'is outside, yet he'd a way with him as made the most on 'is figger, with a sweep in the back, as 'is coat fitted into wonderful ; and them blue belcher 'ankerchers as he did used to wear set off 'is complexion, as was clear as an infant's, even to the back of his

'ead, as were as bold as a pig, as the sayin' is ; and well he might look clean, for I'm sure the water as he'd use, and keep on ahissin' over, cleanin' 'isself, for all the world like cleanin' a 'orse.

He never give no trouble, for 'is breakfast was only 'is cup of tea and a bit of bread and butter ; and then out by eleven, and never see no more on 'im, nor yet 'eard, thro' lettin' 'isself in late by 'avin of the latch-key, as he talked Brown into ; for I never would av' 'ad it ; but somehow that old gentleman 'ad a way with 'im as there wasn't no resistin' agin, and a 'and as soft as sponge and as white as milk.

He was not a man as drunk free, I should say ; for never did a mouse come upstairs more on the quiet of a night, and even lighted 'is candle in 'is room.

I never could make out what business he was, but it must have been a very changeable one, for at times he was that full of money as he'd throw it about like a sailor ; comin' ome in the middle of the day, and give the cab 'alf-a-crown, as touched 'is 'at down to the ground ; and then he would seem 'ard up for a shillin', as the sayin' is.

As winter come on he had a bad cough, and would sometimes stop at home for a day or two together, without crossin' of the door, as the sayin is ; and more than once he took a friendly cup of

tea with us, and could brew egg-flip that smooth as it flowed down your throat like welwet.

I never did 'ear a old gentleman talk more wonderful, as seemed for to 'ave know'd the noblest in the land; and 'ad dukes and lords atreatin' 'im whenever he went out.

But, as I says to 'im, "Excuse me, Mr. Stevens," as were the name as he went by, tho' afterwards discovered for to be factitious, and a many others as was called 'is aliases.

I says to 'im, "You'll escuse me, but when them lords wants you to take anything friendly with 'em, you stick to rum, as if old is a fine thing for the stomic, and will soften your cough, and 'as brought amany from bein' in a state of indelicacy to sound 'ealth, as I know myself, took with new milk afore gettin' up in the mornin'."

I do think as that old gentleman must have been connected with Ashley's, or some of them places, for 'orses was 'is delight, as he'd set and talk about 'em wonderful; and Brown did used to like to 'ear 'im, and says to me often as he was a knowin' old card."

He did used for sometimes to dine with us when a wet Sunday, and then 'is delight was a sucking-pig, with sherry wine and filbert nuts. We got that friendly, as he often would 'ave a chat with me in settlin' of his book.

One mornin' he says to me, "Mrs. Brown, you're a wonderful woman."

"Well," I says, "my dear mother was always considered so; and would be alive now, no doubt, but through neglected colds; and my grandmother, she were eighty-three when she would stand at the wash-tub, and was 'angin' out 'erself three days before she took to 'er bed with the jaunders, as carried her off."

So he says, "Brown's got a treasure in you."

"Ah," says I, "and so 'ave I in 'im, for a better man never trod shoe-leather, as the sayin' is; and I'm sure denies me nothin' in reason as I wants."

"Ah," says the old gent, a-eyein' me, "you did ought to want for nothin', and shouldn't, if I'd my way."

I says, "Whatever do you mean?"

"Why," he says, "you did ought to ride in your carriage, and should do if you'd listen to me."

"Ah," I says, "that's werry fine; but where's the money to come from?"

He says, "Money! why, you might make it easy by 'atfuls."

I says, "If I know'd the way, I pretty soon do it, provided it were done respectable."

He says, "Why, dukes and princes makes it the way as I means, let alone emperors, as I knows intimate."

"Well then," says I, "let me know how to do it."

"Why," says he, "back the winner."

I says, "Who's he?"

He looked werry artful, with his 'ead a one side, and says, "I can give you the tip."

I says, "Mr. Stevens, sir, whatever do you mean?" I says, "I don't 'old with tips, as in general only means for to make you wink at things as is wrong; and 'avin' bore a upright character, without a blemish, as the sayin' is, I ain't agoin' to stoop to no mean ways at my time of life, partickler unbeknown to Brown."

"Well," he says, "if you'd let me lay out five pounds for you on a 'orse, I'd fill your coppers for you."

I says, "Bless you, I wouldn't 'ave a 'orse at a gift, as would fill up the washus', let alone the copper; and I wants my five pounds, as I'm asavin' up for a new set of teeth."

He says, "Back the winner, and you may 'ave a gold set, like the lord mayor 'isself."

Well, I said as how I'd think about it; but couldn't say no more jest then, as I was agoin' out along with Mrs. Rawlins, as meant for to go to the City by the steamer from Lambeth Stairs.

Certainly them steamers is a great convenience, and that river do look noble, tho' dirty, as

I'm sure them boys as bathes in it comes out dirtier than they goes in, as is only to be expected, a bathin' in the refuse of the gas works; as it's lucky, it ain't unwholesome, or dead we must all be thro' a drinkin' it in our teas.

Well, me and Mrs. Rawlins was a settin' aboard that steamer, a lookin' at the Parlymint 'Ouses, and I says to 'er there's many a poor soul as 'as perished thro' that place.

A nice-lookin' young gentleman as was settin' by me, he turns round and says, "Indeed, madam; 'ow is that, pray?"

"Well," I says, "sir, that is where them laws was made that 'as put a many to untimely deaths; as no doubt you've 'eard speak of Fontleroy, not to mention Dr. Dodd, and even King Charles, as 'ad 'is 'ead chopped off in Whitechapel by their orders, as can do anything; and lays on the taxes pretty thick, tho' it's wonderful how they've got the tea down in price, as there ain't none smuggled nowadays, as did used to be when I was quite a gal, and every Englishman felt a pride in doin' of 'is duty."

So the gentleman he looks at me and says, "You're a very intelligent lady, and must 'ave seen a good deal and read a good deal."

He was a fine man, with a eagle's heye, as the sayin' is. "Well," I says to 'im, "as for readin', it takes up a deal of time; but I," says I,

"ain't lived all these years in the world for nothin'."

"Why," he says, "you're in your prime."

I says, "I ain't what I was used to be," tho' I know'd, thro' 'avin' of my new 'air on and dressed young, as I didn't look my age, as a clear musling always did become me, and my Cheyney crape shawl, and one of them white paper bonnets, as good as new, tho' laid by many a year.

He says to me, that gentleman, a fixin' 'is eye on me, "You must 'ave read Mrs. Brown?"

I says, "Sir, escuse me; but, being Mrs. Brown, I 'ave not no occasions to read 'er."

He says, "You don't mean as you're the real Mrs. Brown."

I says, "I should like to see any one as dared say as I wasn't, as may see the register if they ain't satisfied with my lines as I've got at home; and as to any other Mrs. Browns, I should like to see the 'ussies as would set up for 'em."

"O," he says, "that's nothing; in some places where I've been I've know'd one man as 'ad seventeen wives."

I says, "I've 'eard tell of sich disreputable wagabones as was them blackymoor Turks as was put down, as they did ought to 'ave been, in the werry last wars as ever we 'ad."

"O," he says, "I don't mean Turks, but

parties as lives near where I comes from in a 'Merryker."

I says, "You don't mean to say as you're a 'Merrycan?"

"Yes," he says, "I am."

"Well," I says, "I always did like 'em thro' a rememberin' a picter of one as was a settin' lookin' at Gen'ral Wolf a dyin', as showed a feelin' 'art and a fine-limbed man; but," I says, "it's wonderful what a difference dress makes, for you don't look a bit like one."

Well, the gentleman he laughed werry pleasant, and jest then we got to Temple Stairs, where we was going to land thro' bein' nearest to Clare Market, as is close by where Mrs. Rawlings' sister lived, as we was goin' to see thro' 'avin' twins.

So the 'Merrykin gentleman, he did speak elegant to be sure, a landin' along with us, and a walkin' all up Essex-street, a talkin' fine with a pleasant smile, and at the top of the street he takes off his 'at, and says :

"Good-day, Mrs. Brown; I'd rather 'ave met you than Queen Wictoria; and if ever you should come to 'Merryker, we shall be delighted to see you, and make a queen on yer."

And off he goes, a bowin' and smilin', as Mrs. Rawlings considered a bold party addressin' of us; but that's only 'er spite, thro' 'im not

'avin' took no notice on 'er, and asked me on the quiet if she were my mother; but I didn't say nothin' to Brown when I was a mentionin' of 'im at supper about them parties with seventeen wives, as give me quite the 'orrors; not as Brown is one as wouldn't set 'is face agin sich goin's on; and I'm sure wouldn't 'ave the bold 'ussies not if they went down on their knees to 'im.

I couldn't 'elp thinkin' a good deal of what Mr. Stevens 'ad said about backin' the winner, as seemed to me something like a raffle as Brown once drewed a goose in; but I'm sure if I was to draw a 'orse, I should not know what to do with 'im; and as to sellin' 'im again, it's well known what 'orse-dealers is, as I know'd one myself as put 'is own mother behind one as was a bolter, as run away with her, and never stopped till he'd 'arf drowned 'er in Limehouse Creek, as were a dangerous turn in the road, and pitched 'er over the parypitch of the bridge, as broke the sharfs short off, and run slap into a cheyney shop, and was obliged to be killed on the spot, with both legs broke, and thoro' bred.

But, Law bless you, you might as well 'ope to turn a mill-stream, as the sayin' is, as stop that Mr. Stevens in his wheedlin' ways; for he got that five pounds out on me safe enough, and give 'a dinner to me and Brown the very next

Sunday in our own parlour, as he sent in every thing, down to Brussells sprouts.

Time went on; and every now and then Mr. Stevens would say to me as "the odds was all in my favour," as I didn't rightly understand; and then he told me one day as he'd put me in for a sweep.

I says, "I 'opes as I sha'n't 'ave no trouble over it."

He says, "O dear, no; you've been and drawed the favourite."

Well, I thought p'raps as things had gone so far, it might be as well for to mention it to Brown, a thinkin' as it would look strange for me to 'ave a 'orse come 'ome sudden, and no where to put 'im; so that werry night I says, "Brown, if you 'ad a 'orse give you, where would you keep 'im?"

He says, "No where; I'd precious soon sell 'im."

I says, "Who to?"

"Well," he says, "most likely the knackers; for that's all he'd be worth if any one give 'im away."

I says, "You're a talking foolishness; you don't think as Mr. Stevens would let me 'ave a 'orse as was only livin' cats' meat, as any one might say."

He says, "I tell you what it is, all the 'orses

as Mr. Stevens gives you may be kep under this bed."

I says, "That's right, jeer away; that's you all over."

He says, "You don't mean to say as he's promised you a 'orse?"

I says, "More than that, he's drawed one for me as is the favourite."

He says, "What are you a ravin' about!"

I says, "I ain't a ravin';" and I tells 'im all about the five pounds; and if he didn't laugh that violent as he made the curtain-rings rattle agin.

I says, "What ever are you larfin' at?"

"Why," he says, "you, to be sure."

I says, "Let them laugh as loses; them as wins is sure to laugh."

"O," he says, "you're sure to win, and you'd better go on the turf at once."

I says, "If you wishes me dead, Brown, say so at once; but don't go illudin' to my grave like that unfeelin';" and I couldn't keep under my sobs, but fell asleep over 'em.

I'd made up my mind as I'd speak to Mr. Stevens the werry next mornin', but found as he 'adn't come 'ome all night, nor yet all the next day, as I thought strange partikler, as he 'adn't sent 'is shirt to the wash that week, nor yet 'is two collars and a pair of socks, as were 'is 'abits, with two pocket-'andkerchers. Well, he didn't

come that next day, nor yet the next, as made me feel uneasy ; and there was a little old carpet-bag in the corner of 'is room as were not locked, thro' the padlock being gone, and only a bit of wood stuck thro' the 'asp. I lifts it up and felt it 'eavy, but not clothes ; so I just give a look into it, and see a lot of 'ay, as turned out to be brick-bats rolled up in, and 'im of course clean gone.

When Brown come 'ome I told 'im, and if he didn't say as he'd lent 'im five pounds.

"Well," I says, "'ow about the 'orse as I've drawn?"

He says, "Do 'old your rubbish; why, of course, he's a reg'lar old thief as 'as done us both."

"Well, then," I says, "I'll find 'im if above ground."

Brown says, "What'll you do with 'im if you do?"

I says, "We shall see, for he owed me three weeks' rent, and his book not settled the last two weeks."

It must 'ave been six months arter that and more, as, one day a walkin' down Fleet-street, I see a white 'at with a black band, as he said he always wore in respect of his dearest friend ; and in a instant I know'd my friend. So I jest hooks the collar of 'is coat with my umbereller, and says, "Police !"

You should 'ave see 'is face when, turnin' round, he found 'isself caught.

He says, "My good woman, what is your business?"

I says, "My business, you wagabone! Where's my money, and where's my 'orse? as I'll give you in charge for stealin'."

He says, "Me steal your 'orse! why, I never see it;" and he gives a twist and slips away from me, and up come a policeman.

I says, "Policeman, I've been robbed and treated shameful by a party in a white 'at and black band, as is just hooked it round that corner."

He says, "No doubt, when he see me; but," says he, "what can you expect but to be robbed if you goes among them wagabones?"

I says, "I wants my money or my 'orse."

"O," he says, "you're one of the lot, are you? Well," he says, "I shouldn't 'ave thought it to look at you; but," he says, "don't be loiterin' about here, obstructin' the thoroughfare, or I must remove you."

I says, "I am waitin' to see that party."

"Now," says the policeman, "you can't be a waitin' 'ere; and if you don't go, I must 'ave you before the Lord Mayor."

I didn't of course want that, tho' no doubt the Lord Mayor would 'ave see me righted; yet

I thought as Brown would blow up if it got in the papers, so I walks off; but I shall fall in with my gentleman some day, and if I don't give 'im the tip, as he's so fond of talkin' about, my name ain't Martha Brown, and that's all about it—a swindlin', cheatin' old wagabone as he is.





THE YOUNG NUN.

FROM THE GERMAN OF EMANUEL GEIBEL.

By JOHN OXENFORD.

— o —

I.

O, HEAVEN! what could my father, my mother
dear, have thought,
That here into a convent their hapless child was
brought?
Now never must I laugh more, veil'd must I
always go;
Another heart must never my own heart's secrets
know.

II.

They cut off without pity my flowing raven hair,
And for my sixteen summers not one appeared to
care.
So few, few years I number. Why need I be so
sad?
The world has joys sufficient to make all creatures
glad.

III.

Against my prison-window the happy birds I see
Their little nest they build now—with them would
I could be !
My wings I'd open freely, a way I soon would
find
To leave the tow'ring steeples and convents all
behind.

IV.

And when the ev'ning glimmers, and night begins
to fall,
I think of one I loved once—the dearest one of all.
But he is far away now ; a nun am I, and so
Unceasing and unceasing my bitter tears must
flow.

V.

Together go the billows exulting to the sea ;
The birds together travel through heaven's wide
vault so free ;
The day is bless'd with sunlight, for night the
bright stars shine ;
It seems as if I only in solitude must pine.

VI.

O, would that in yon steeple the fun'ral bell was
rung,
And by the lighted tapers the fun'ral hymn was
sung!
Then should I be deliver'd from all my grief and
pain,
And with the heavenly angels find happiness
again !





J. Palmer del

R. Knight sc.

A TRUSTWORTHY MESSENGER.



Found Drowned!

A Story in Three Chapters, & a Prologue.

BY ARTHUR WILLIAM À BECKETT.



THE PROLOGUE.

BY THE RIVER'S SIDE.

BY the river's side Zephyr played among the trees and made the leaves whisper. Now and again would a bough (more wicked than its fellows) bend down its head coquettishly to kiss the flowing water, so calm and silvery in the moonlight. The sweet song of the nightingale had just died away in the heavens, and the evening star seemed to exult in the overthrow of the red angry sun, which an hour ago had sunk (defiant to the last) behind the heather-covered hills, leaving to the sky a glorious legacy of gold and flame-coloured clouds. It was a calm summer evening, nature was at rest; and the tinkling of a distant sheep-bell and the occasional splash caused by a fish leaping from the water, were the only sounds which broke the silence that reigned upon the earth. So much for the scene; and now for the actors.

A weeping girl stood by the brink of the river, sobbing as if her heart would break. Her bonnet had fallen back, and displayed the golden hair it should have covered; and her hands, held up to her head in an agony of grief, half concealed a childish face, which was beautiful, but so sorrowful, and so full of despair. She stood numbed with grief. She was crying bitterly, but wept in silence. What caused this agony of sorrow, this ecstasy of woe? He who stands beside her can best answer that question. Handsome with a heartless beauty, calm with the *sang froid* of a man of the world, and resolute with the determination of a thoroughly selfish nature, Arthur Lacy seeks to console her with words which sound strangely in her ears. Such words from him! from her lover! from the man she has trusted so unwisely, and loved so well!

“Nellie, my dear girl, listen to reason. This sort of thing must end sooner or later, and it is better for both of us that it should end now. I can't stay down in this outlandish hole any longer. Of course, you know, if you care to come up to London, you can; but I think you will find it slow. What do you say?” She answered him not a word. He continued coldly and carelessly, “Of course, I don't want to be unkind, nor anything of that sort, you know. All I *do* want is, that you will only consent to be reasonable for a

few minutes, and look the matter fairly in the face. After all, the affair is not so very terrible. We have been very happy for the last two or three weeks; but all things must end—even the pleasantest. You know very well, my dear, that I can't live here for ever; you would not ask me to: now, would you? Well, then, what we have to do is very simple: I to make the best of my way up to town; and you to marry. You know you can, if you choose. You are quite pretty enough to catch that idiot up at the Hall, if you play your cards well. Suppose, my dear, you try at smaller game. Well, there's my fellow Lawson; I am sure he follows you about (when he is not seeing after me) like a dog. Come now, let's be business-like. I don't mind setting you up in a public-house: there, that's an offer—what do you say?" And could he speak thus to her? She who had sacrificed so much for his sake. He was about to continue in the same strain, when with a gesture full of dignity she silenced him. She stopped weeping, looked him full in the face, and said:

"Mr. Lacy, may God forgive you!"

He moved towards her; she waved him back, turned round, faced the hedge which ran at right angles with the bank, and walked slowly away. He stopped, shrugged his shoulders, and took out his cigar-case. He watched her out of sight, and

then stood looking thoughtfully in the river, while he rolled up some tobacco into a cigarette.

Thus he stood for a couple of minutes; then there was a slight rustle in the bushes behind him. A moment of deep silence followed. Then came the sound of a fusee striking against a tree, a heavy "thud," a faint cry, another "thud," a cry still fainter, the crashing of leaves, and a loud splash in the water. A silence, and the rippling rings in the river gradually enlarged, grew indistinct, and disappeared. Then the stream reflected the agitated face of a frightened man, who gazed anxiously into its depths. Then this face disappeared, and another rose up in its stead; a face which was no reflection, a face which was very calm and pale, a face which floated down on the river, a face which was bathed in the moonlight and stained with blood.

CHAPTER I.

ON THE SANDS AT BROADGRINS.

"ARE you asleep, Charley?" asked Frank Dalton, of Trinity College, Oxford, of his friend and companion Kenwick, the gentleman commoner of Christ Church.

The two young men were stretched full length on the shingles at that terribly dismal watering-place, Broadgrins. The first was throwing stones

into the sea; the second lying with his face covered by a straw hat, sporting the everlasting blue ribbon and cardinal's crest of the "House;" and both of them appeared to be in the last stage of boredom. The books they had brought into the cave (in which they had taken refuge from the scorching sun) to read were lying neglected and open by their sides, and evidently "coaching" was over, at least for that day. The difficulties of "Mods" had been deserted for the pleasures of idleness.

"Are you asleep, old boy?" repeated Dalton.

"No, Frank; only thinking," replied Charley, with something very like a sigh,— "only thinking."

"What about?" questioned his friend.

"O, I don't know—you are so fond of chaffing, that I hardly like to tell you;" and Charley turned on one side and began burrowing with his hand among the shingles.

"Nonsense, old fellow; you're out of sorts. Come, what is it? Out with it. You'll be all the better for relieving your mind."

"Well, then," said Kenwick reluctantly,— "I—I—I am—"

"In love? I thought so. My dear boy, I know all the symptoms. Loss of appetite, intense admiration for Tennyson and moonlight, with a hearty scorn for dinner and the hairdresser—eh? That's about it, I think. Well, who is the

divine creature ? Kitty of the Angel, or Polly of the Rose and Crown ?”

“ I knew you would chaff,” said Charley peevishly. “ You never will believe that a fellow can be serious for five minutes together.”

“ Well, old boy, with such an example of gravity before me, I don’t see how that can be. On the contrary, I believe *you* are far too serious. You are so impulsive and headstrong. You have none of the *sang froid* of an Englishman. The sunny South *will* assert itself in your composition.”

“ Thank Heaven and my mother that I have a little life in my veins. The people of this wretched land substitute brains for hearts, and iced water for blood. They have no more notion of love than this stone which I cast towards the sea. Curse them !”

“ Ha, ha !” laughed Dalton. “ Come, that’s hearty ; and now tell me what’s the matter. Here have we come down to read and floor the next examination, and there you look as wretched as an undertaker who has allowed his business to drive him into a state of melancholy insanity. I own this place is dismal enough ; but, hang it all ! let’s make the best of it.”

“ Don’t, Frank, old fellow ; I can’t bear it,” said Charley in a crying voice. “ I can’t, I tell you ; I am so cut up, so horribly cut up.”

"Stay," replied his friend, changing his tone of banter to one of kind sympathy; "stay, old boy; I didn't think it was so bad. You know I am your friend; see if we can't put our two heads together and manage something. Here, old fellow, cheer up;" and he patted him on the back.

"O, Frank, she was so beautiful, and I loved her so—I loved her so dearly! Poor girl, poor girl!" and the young man fairly broke down and wept.

There was a long silence. Frank got up and walked away. When he returned, his friend had mastered his emotion, and was calm once more. Charley was the first to break the silence. He said:

"I am not myself to-day. I have been thinking and thinking until I could bear it no longer;" and he pushed his hair off his forehead with his hand wearily.

"Come, come," said Frank, "you must not be so down-hearted. Every lane has a turning, old fellow. But if it pains you, let's change the subject."

"No; now that I have spoken about it, I had better tell you all. The last time I was down with my people in Essex, I met—I met—"

"Yes, I understand," replied Frank.

"She was only a poor cotter's daughter, it is true," continued Charley; "but she was so beau-

tiful, and she appeared so good, and—I loved her so dearly. She felt that a gulf was between us, I know; but I think she was learning to love me—at one time. I used to try to meet her on her way to the village, or when she was coming from church on a Sunday, and I would walk with her across the fields. After a while I found that she tried to avoid me. I often met her in tears; and when questioned, she would make some trivial excuse and leave me hurriedly. Ah me, if I had suspected the truth!” He paused for a moment, and then continued his narrative. “One day I had been fishing in the river, and was returning home to the Hall, when, passing through a gate into a corn-field, I found her coming towards me. She started, hesitated, half turned back, and then approached me. When I came up to her, I moved aside to allow her to pass, and gave her ‘good evening.’ She turned her head from me, but I saw that she was crying. I asked her what was the matter. She said ‘nothing—she had a headache, but it would soon pass away.’ I offered to accompany her to her father’s house. She refused hurriedly, with the eagerness of terror. I could but submit. We parted. I walked on to the Hall. She turned her steps towards the river. I have never seen her since.”

He paused for a moment, gazing wearily towards the sea, then with an effort continued :

"The next day she had left the village, her home, her relations, and the man who loved her."

"Well?"

"She did not go alone. With her disappeared a coxcomb captain who had been staying at the village inn for the last month. This man had come into the neighbourhood with his valet professedly to fish. I made inquiries among the villagers, and found that he had been seen constantly with Nellie—with the girl I loved so dearly, and, I call heaven to witness, with so much purity. The villain! let me but meet him, and, as there is a heaven above us, I will not leave him until one of us is dead!" His Italian blood mounted to his cheeks, and his eyes flashed fire.

"My dear Charley," his friend began, "all this is very wrong; the girl is evidently—"

"O, I know all that you will advance," interrupted Kenwick. "You will tell me that I ought not to bore myself about a girl quite unworthy of me; and as for vengeance, I should leave *that* in other hands. O yes, you will be deuced moral and reasonable, and quote copiously from the Prayer-book; and yet I tell you it won't do. I tell you that it will be easier to turn the tiger from his prey—"

"Than you from your stern resolve, eh?" declaimed Frank in a burlesque, melodramatic tone; "to make the earth keep still for an hour or so in

the middle of the day than you from your vengeance! I know, my boy, the old Coburg style of thing,—invocations to the chandeliers, daggers, burnt cork, blue fire, and porter at the wing.”

Dalton could not help saying this, although he knew that his friend would resent the speech. The sense of the ridiculous is strong in youth; and really and truly poor Charley had fairly laid himself open to any amount of “chaff.”

Kenwick said nothing, but got up, gathered his books together, and left the cave. Frank, seeing that his friend was hurt, quickly followed him. The two companions walked towards the town; the one explaining, the other listening. As the young men departed, the tide turned, and the water began to rise. The tide turned, and the waves began to encroach upon the dry land slowly and surely—slowly as justice, and surely as fate.

CHAPTER II.

A REAL “SENSATION” SCENE.

BROADGRINS was an awfully dreary place. The word “awfully” has been used advisedly. The market, with its three stalls with occupants, and its forty-seven lacking tenants, was awful in its loneliness, especially when two of the open stalls were kept sacred to firewood, and the other de-

voted to the cheap journalistic and ancient comic song-book line of business. Then, too, the pier was awful, with its decayed orchestra, once used by the local brass-band, and now given over to the rain and the wind and the elements generally. Once more, the esplanade was awful, with its deserted houses, with their broken windows and paintless doors; for Chancery and an epidemic had driven from these mansions the once happy eaters of prawns, wearers of telescopes, and readers of novels, who were wont to make apartments their seaside habitation and temporary home. The church was awful, with its hideous monuments and worm-eaten pews; the sermons preached in it were awful, with their three-and-twenty heads and words of nine syllables. And the old graveyard was awful, with the sea encroaching day by day upon its tombs, and washing away into the ocean their horrible contents. Every thing about the lonely town was awful, from the pump, which produced fine, fresh, limpid water (with just a *souppçon* of cholera in every one of its drops), to the beadle (in his cocked-hat), who was awful to the grown-up population of Broadgrins, terrible to the youth of that once flourishing watering-place, and inscrutable to the rest of the inhabited (and perhaps uninhabited) world. The circulating library was awful, with its mouldy novels and fly-marked weekly numbers of *Chambers's Journal*.

The assembly rooms were awful, with their cob-webbed ceilings and mildewed walls; and the bathing-machines were awful, with their broken awnings and spokeless wheels. The streets were awful, with their grass-sprinkled roads; the shops were awful, with their empty windows and dust-covered counters; and the hotels were awful, with their ghostly waiters, high prices, rickety furniture, and creaking floors.

What had caused this general decay? Six years before Broadgrins had been a flourishing watering-place, with a crowded market, a long visitors' list, and one daily journal and three weekly papers. The steamboats of a couple of rival companies were wont to contend for the traffic to and from this important town, from and to a town of equal importance, to wit, "the modern Babylon." A railway bill was before parliament, which would have done wonders in promoting excursion-trains if it had been carried through. And actually the theatre was able to boast at times of some metropolitan "star," who would stay for a week by the sad sea waves in order to give the visitors to Broadgrins a taste of his talents in several of his most successful characters, "as performed at the Theatre Royal —, London." Not only this: a detachment of her Majesty's —6th Regiment was quartered in the town; and the officers were capital hands at giv-

ing balls, attending picnics, and making themselves generally useful to young ladies with a taste for flirtation, red coats, and operatic duets. In fact, Broadgrins was a decided success; mothers of families spoke well of its beach; sons of mothers stigmatised its bazaars as "awfully jolly;" and sisters of sons went into ecstasies about its romantic caves and moonlight walks. It is true that fathers of families grumbled a little about its high prices; but then fathers of families will never have much influence so long as there are mothers of families to keep them in check.

Such was Broadgrins before its fall. On a certain day a death occurred in one of the "slums," the cause of which was hushed up. Another day five deaths occurred in another of the "slums;" and on the following morning the blinds of two of the houses on the esplanade were close drawn. Then came a letter to the *Times*, headed "Cholera at Broadgrins;" then more letters to the *Times*, with the same heading, from Broadgrinian doctors and tradesmen; then four epistles—from "A Visitor," "One of the Public," "Your original Correspondent," and a "Vicar staying at Broadgrins,"—all of them with the same heading; and then, to crown the whole, came a thunderbolt, which appeared in the shape of the last article but one in the columns of the "leading contemporary." Then the "leading contemporary's" contemporaries took

up the cry, and then everybody left Broadgrins to its own devices and the cholera. Everybody, of course, with the exception of the military; for the soldiers were kept in the horrible place until Mr. Tontofof of the War Office came back from his holidays to "immediately investigate the matter," as promised in his name by the Secretary of State for his department in the House of Commons. "Immediately investigating the matter" meant several bundles of papers tied up with red tape, bandied from one department to another department by junior clerks for a couple of months or so, and then quietly shelved with several other "matters" undergoing at the moment a like "immediate investigation." So the soldiers stayed; but the theatre closed, and the three Saturday papers disappeared, and the flourishing daily became a dreary weekly; and the steamboats stopped running; and the railway bill was thrown out; and the visitors' list was no longer published; and the market was deserted; and the scheme for building a Puseyite church was abandoned; and the shopkeepers were ruined; and the bathing-machine horses were delivered over to the tender mercies of the knackers, and their masters to the kind protection of the Court of Bankruptcy; and all was gloom and desolation,—in fact, as it has been said before, the place became awfully dreary.

And just because the place was so awfully dreary people were surprised when Mr. Bartman opened the Theatre Royal with a melodrama and a "grand burlesque, concluding with a magnificent transformation scene." Truth to tell, Mr. Bartman (who was a sharp man in his way) had purchased the "magnificent transformation scene" cheap from a London music-hall, had well "billed" the town, and secured the "patronage of the officers of her Majesty's—6th Regiment of Foot" for his opening night; so, after all, there was a fair prospect of his being able to pay his company, and perhaps to settle his little account at the Royal Military Hotel out of the receipts of the first week; for the inhabitants were thoroughly excited about the spectacle, and all the town and notably the weekly paper (which, by the bye, had secured Mr. Bartman's advertisement) were in ecstasies about the "enterprising manager's liberality and public-spirited conduct in opening the Theatre Royal." This being the case, it was only natural that the ghostly waiter at the hotel patronised by Charley Kenwick and Frank Dalton should say, as he placed the cheese on the dinner-table before the two young men,

"Going to see the *Magic Ring* to-night, gentlemen, at the theatre? They do tell me as how Miss Fitzerbert, 'as appeared at the Royal Victoria Theatre, London—she who 'as is to play

the Fairy Peach Blossom.—Celery, sir—yessir; and bring a playbill—yessir.” And the waiter disappeared from the apartment.

Now Frank Dalton had had a wretched time of it; for the ice once broken, his friend thought himself justified in making any amount of confidential speeches about “love” and “hate” and “blood.” The worst of it was that poor Frank was really apprehensive of mischief. His unhappy friend, impulsive to a degree, with more than an Englishman’s savageness and love of revenge, had been drinking deeply, and now was almost unmanageable. He frowned and swore in an absurdly melo-dramatic manner, which would have made Dalton laugh, if he had not known from experience that Kenwick was capable of putting into practice that about which he raved so wildly; in fact, that his companion was no boaster, but a terrible enemy, although a warm-hearted friend. He murmured to himself, “Heaven help the Captain if Charley crosses his path!” and then hailed the proposal about the theatre with delight; for any distraction was to be welcomed just then, yes, even a “grand burlesque” at a ninth-rate watering-place. And so the two friends made the best of their way to a private-box in that renowned temple of the drama, the Theatre Royal, Broadgrins.

They had not far to go to reach their desti-

nation. Arrived at the door of the "place of entertainment" (?) they quickly possessed themselves of a ticket, and gained admission to the body of the house.

The place was crowded, for Mr. Bartman had been well supported. The officers in their mess-room uniforms were there, and the respectable inhabitants and a large proportion of the unrespectable population of Broadgrins had put in an appearance. There were a great many soldiers in the gallery, who, thoroughly cowed by the presence of their superiors in the private boxes, leavened effectually the usually noisy "gods." There was a "buzz" between the acts of whispering voices, and nothing more. The leader of the "orchestra," it is true, was addressed as "catgut scraper" by one unruly spectator who had come in (rather the worse for liquor) when the "half-price" had been announced; but then the insult was unique, and was moreover quickly resented by the rest of the audience, who called out loudly for the immediate expulsion of the offender, and with perfect success; for the hapless reveller was quickly hustled from the pit into the street by a hundred arms and twice as many feet. The audience was eminently well conducted on this particular evening; and as the curtain fell on the last act of a very nautical melodrama, the two university friends took their seats in a private box.

The green baize did not long conceal the glories of the stage from their inspection, for after a brief interval the orchestra commenced a medley overture; upon the conclusion of which the act-drop rose upon the first tableau. Charley Kenwick gazed languidly at the not very brilliant landscape (for the manager and mechanist had reserved their strength for the transformation scene), and was about to glance elsewhere, when one of the performers—a girl dressed as a fairy—amidst some mild applause, made her appearance before the footlights. Kenwick uttered a half-repressed exclamation, and hurriedly left his seat, the lobby, and the theatre, and hastily presented himself at the stage-door. His imperious manner and half-a-crown soon gained him admission behind the scenes and past the hall-porter; and stumbling along dimly lighted passages and among ropes and pulleys, he quickly made towards the stage. Leaving lazy carpenters and grotesquely costumed “supers” behind him, he rapidly approached a roughly constructed staircase. He ascended the steps hurriedly, and entered a room. He looked eagerly at its occupants, and saw low comedians in burlesque dresses, actresses habited in gauzy robes (which seemed to grudge their wearers’ well-shaped legs and thickly-powdered necks a scanty covering), and shell-jacketed officers. As he left the “green-room,” as hurriedly

as he had entered it, he carried with him a dim recollection of a man's face, which would have been handsome had it not been disfigured by an ugly scar, which began at the forehead and ended low down the cheek and close to the mouth;—a face which belonged to an officer, and which he fancied he had seen somewhere before. As he regained the stage, a “carpenter scene” was being pushed on to close in from the gaze of the audience a posturing fairy, who was standing on a pasteboard bank, while she waved to and fro a long silver wand with a star at the end of it; and in the posturing fairy he recognised the girl he had loved—the woman he had thought dead—Nellie the lost one! As he approached her, their eyes met; and turning deadly pale behind her rouge, she trembled, and would have fallen to the ground had he not received her in his outstretched arms. With a powerful effort she recovered her composure, and then she told him all. It was so long since she had seen a friendly face, that she could conceal nothing. She faltered out a confession of her shame, and recounted the story of Arthur Lacy's cruel desertion of her in the time of her trouble and utmost need. She had never seen him since, she said; they had parted by the river's brink, and had never met again. Charley soothed her with a few kind, earnest words, as they walked among the car-

penters, busily engaged in "setting" *the* feature of the evening—the "grand transformation scene" from London. As they talked to one another, the call-boy approached them, and said :

"Better now, miss, I hope. The lights is trying to beginners, I know, miss ; and young ladies are very liable to 'go off' until they get used to it ; but, Law bless you, it's nothink when you do get used to it. Nothink ; on the contera-rey, quite a little 'oliday to some young ladies."

"Thank you, I am quite recovered," replied Nellie.

"Very well, miss ; then perhaps you'd better get into the 'star,' for the next scene will be on in a couple o' minutes."

And the call-boy hurried off. Nellie, with a smile at Charley, followed her conductor, and was soon reclining in a large star, suspended at some distance from the stage. Kenwick stood at the wing beside the gasman intrusted with the management of the blue fire ; and a roar of applause informed the manager that the "grand transformation scene" from London was telling upon the audience. The time soon arrived for the blue fire to be lighted ; and as Nellie waved her wand, she glanced towards Kenwick. As she looked at him, her wand fell from her hands ; she screamed, and fell into a deadly faint. Her lover, following the direction of her eyes, turned sharply

round, and by the light of the blue fire recognised the scared face of his rival—the seducer of Nellie—Captain Arthur Lacy, who was standing calmly and unconcernedly by his side. A moment more, and the officer was felled to the ground by a young and vigorous arm.

CHAPTER III.

FOUND DROWNED!

ALL was confusion. Lacy's brother officers rushed up to him as he rose; but he waved them aside with his arm, and walked slowly up to his adversary, and said calmly and coldly,

“A word with you, if you please.”

“Scoundrel!” began Kenwick, in an excited tone.

“Yes, yes, call me what you please, but don't make such a row,” interrupted Lacy, dusting his coat with his handkerchief. “I daresay you have good cause for annoyance, but, for heaven's sake, keep your temper, my dear sir.”

“I tell you I *will* fight you!” cried his insulter, foaming at the mouth with rage.

“Of course you will. It is as much as my commission's worth to allow that blow to remain unavenged. Don't worry yourself on that score. I can't take you into a police court, so we must settle the matter in another way. Don't let us

have a fuss about it; keep quiet, or I shall think you are a coward, and afraid to meet me."

"What!" exclaimed Kenwick, angrily raising his arm.

"You had better let your hand fall to your side, or, on my soul, I really shall have to crush your skull in—on my soul, I shall. I will fight you in half an hour, in the Mermaid's Cave, if you will but keep quiet. You need not bore yourself about arms—I will bring a couple of swords with me (pistols would disturb the coast-guard); and then we can settle the affair like men of honour, and the rest of it. But really I must warn you that we are going to make ourselves confoundedly ridiculous. Come now, if you like to apologise, I am ready to receive your explanation this very instant. What on earth's the good of having a row about a woman?"

Kenwick was silent.

"Very well then, the Mermaid's Cave in forty minutes;" and lifting his foraging cap politely to his adversary, the Captain walked away.

An hour afterwards, and the cave which had sheltered the two university men from the sun in the afternoon was once more tenanted. As the adversaries stood fronting each other, sword in hand, a silence reigned around which was only broken by the dull murmur of the distant sea as it broke upon the rocks. A lantern dimly lighted

the cave and revealed the forms of the five men who formed the group. Behind Kenwick stood Frank Dalton, gazing earnestly at the swords as they crossed and glided up one another's blades, and flashed back the faint glimmer of the lantern. Near him, with an eager anxious face, stood a man dressed in the livery of a groom—it was Lacy's servant Lawson—who marked every thrust and parry of his master with an eager glance, fraught with the maddest excitement. In the background of the cave Lacy's second (one of his brother officers) was seated upon a stone, calmly regarding the contest with the eye of a *blasé* connoisseur. For three minutes naught was heard save the clashing of steel, the clinking of shingles, and the hoarse roar of the ocean. With the first second of the fourth minute came a groan, a cry of joy, and the hushed "thud" of a man's body falling heavily upon the ground. The groan came from one of the combatants, the cry of joy from the groom, and the hushed "thud" from the body of Lacy striking sharply against the stones.

Dalton and Lacy's brother officer knelt down beside the wounded man, and raised up his head. Kenwick had thrown away his sword, and was now leisurely buttoning up the waistcoat he had removed before commencing the duel.

"Well," said he, approaching the group, "have I killed him?"

"I pray to heaven not," replied Dalton; "this is a bad night's work, Charley. Why did we come to this horrible place?"

Lacy uttered a groan and opened his eyes.

"Be of good cheer, old fellow; it's not very serious. Only an ugly scratch not far from the collar-bone;" and the officer began to bandage up his comrade's wound. It was an ugly scratch indeed! Kenwick's sword had transfixed his adversary. Soldiers, however, are accustomed to blood.

And now, when the time came for leaving the cave, they found that Lacy could not be moved. He screamed at every attempt to raise him, and prayed for rest and mercy.

At last Lawson the groom said:

"You had better leave him to me, gentlemen. The Captain can't be carried, for his cries would bring down the coast-guard upon us, you may be sure. You go away, and I will wait here until you've got a surgeon and a shutter for him. It won't take you more than an hour, if you look sharp about it."

Dalton and the officer consulted together, and came to the conclusion that nothing better could be done. So, with one last hurried glance at Lacy's wound, they got up from their knees, and prepared to leave the cave.

"Here, take this, gentlemen," said Lawson,

holding out the lantern. "I ain't afraid of being left in the dark—not I."

"I don't like that fellow's face!" whispered Dalton to Kenwick, as they walked away.

He had cause for his remark. Lawson's countenance was always unprepossessing; now, as he bent over his wounded master, it was simply hideous. The lantern lighted the cave a moment longer, and then the place was left in darkness. They walked along the beach in silence, each of them fully occupied with his own dismal thoughts. They rounded a rock which projected far from the cliff towards the sea, and continued their midnight journey more rapidly than ever. After five minutes had been passed in this manner, Dalton suddenly stopped and said :

"Listen !"

They stood silently drinking in the sound which reached their hungry ears.

The roar of the waves breaking on the stones was loud, very loud; the ocean was close upon them.

"Great heavens !" cried Dalton, "Lacy will be drowned !" The moon at this moment broke through the clouds, and by its light they discovered that it was impossible to succour the wounded man. The sea divided him from them, and an impassable gulf was between them.

"Our only chance lies in a boat," cried Dal-

ton ; and he rushed at full speed towards the still distant town.

And now the scene changes to the cave.

“ Pull you farther away from the water, Cap-ten,” Lawson was saying, evidently in answer to a request made by his master. “ Better not, sir ; I might hurt you.”

“ But,” urged Lacy faintly, “ I can hear the waves close upon us. Just listen to them.”

True enough, the water came rushing along the stones, and then retired with a sighing roar. They were very near them indeed ; still Lawson said, with strange roughness :

“ You won’t want moving for the next half hour, sir ; and as it’s rather dull here, I will just take this here opportunity of telling you a little story I have long wished to make known to you. You can hear me, sir, can’t you ?”

“ For God’s sake, man, draw me from the water,” gasped out Lacy ; “ I can’t move.”

“ You keep quiet, sir, and it will be all right. Well, as I was saying, I will tell you a story just to pass the time. There once was a master, and there once was a man ; and although the master was a gentleman and had lots of money, and the man was his servant, they both loved the same woman.”

“ You weary me ; move me ; for mercy’s sake, move me. I can hear the waves close upon me.”

“Can you indeed, sir? Well, this master in his gay coat—it was a red one—and his golden sovereigns, soon caught the foolish woman’s heart, and he played with it and broke it.”

“For heaven’s sake, man, move me; I can feel the water touching my hand.” And Lacy made an ineffectual effort to rise, and sank back screaming with anguish.

“Well, sir, he broke that woman’s heart,” continued Lawson savagely. “It had been a toy for him to play with, and he kicked it into the mud when he got tired of it, and broke it. And when the man saw this, he said within himself, ‘I must murder my master!’ and this is how he did it.”

“Why do you tell me all this?” asked Lacy, trembling with a mortal fear.

“You will know soon enough, bless you; perhaps too soon for your liking! Well, the man tracked his master to the spot where the woman used to meet him; and one day he hid himself behind some bushes and waited to see them meet beside the river—you know they used to meet beside a river.”

“Ah, you would murder me!” screamed Lacy, and yelled with all his strength.

“Keep quiet, confound you!” said his servant, kicking him brutally towards the fast-approaching waves, which washed over his face, and left him

panting, half-suffocated, and as weak as a child. "Keep quiet, can't you! Murder you? Not I. I tried to once, when I knocked you into the river; but I always had a tender heart, and couldn't bear to see you drown, especially when I should have had to swing for helping you to do it. So I saved you that time, and you ought to thank me for it. No, I won't murder you; *but I won't help you!* Get out of the way of the water if you can; I won't stop you, you may be sure."

"Wretch! have you no mercy?" cried Lacy piteously, for the waves were washing over him and dragging him slowly away.

"I'll have as much mercy with you as you had with Nellie—not a bit more, nor a bit less."

Lacy, beaten about by the waves, which gained strength with every rush, made one last appeal to Lawson, and then screamed with pain and terror.

"What, the salt water makes your wound smart, eh?" said Lawson jeeringly. "Never you mind, master; it will do it good."

The cries became fainter and fainter, and at last ceased altogether; and then the moon broke through the clouds, and revealed the fact to Lawson that his escape from the cave by land was impossible.

He looked around him. Yes, he could scale the wall, for there were plenty of places for his feet; but then he must have light to perform the

task. He raised his eyes to the moon. The clouds were sailing quickly through the heavens, still the nearest cloud was some distance from the moon. He might have time, then, to reach the cliff above before the moon disappeared behind the fast-approaching clouds. At any rate, he would make the attempt. So he threw off his coat, and clinging by his hands and feet to the rock, gradually made his way towards the mouth of the cave, with the water roaring beneath, and the moon shining above him.

Carefully and cautiously he gradually began to ascend; and as he looked upwards, and saw the green grass which crowned the cliff, he could hear the rapid beating of his heart. Little by little, step by step, tearing his hands, and scraping the skin from off his legs, he slowly makes his way towards a place of safety—slowly, very slowly, when the state of the clouds is taken into consideration. Thus he crawls along, afraid to pray, with his heart full of terror, and his eyes staring out of his head, his nerves strung to the utmost, and every sinew and muscle striving for dear life and liberty. But see, he has only to gain hold of that tuft of grass to reach the summit. As he stretches forth his hand the clouds cover the moon; his fingers close around a loosened stone—his foot slips—and with a scream he falls through the darkness into the roaring water !

Half killed by the fall, he rises at last to the surface, and commences to strike out. He has little strength left him, but still with an effort he may yet reach the land. He swims slowly and painfully in the darkness. His strength is rapidly failing him, but he hopes even now to escape death. The waves are roaring and dashing against the rocks around him as he slowly moves along in the water. At last he strikes against something which impedes his progress. At this moment the moon breaks through the clouds, and by its light he finds himself near the cave, and face to face with his dying master! The drowning men recognise each other, clasp each other in a deadly embrace, scream, and sink!

An hour later, and a search is made for Lacy and Lawson; and when Lacy and Lawson are found, they are "found drowned!"





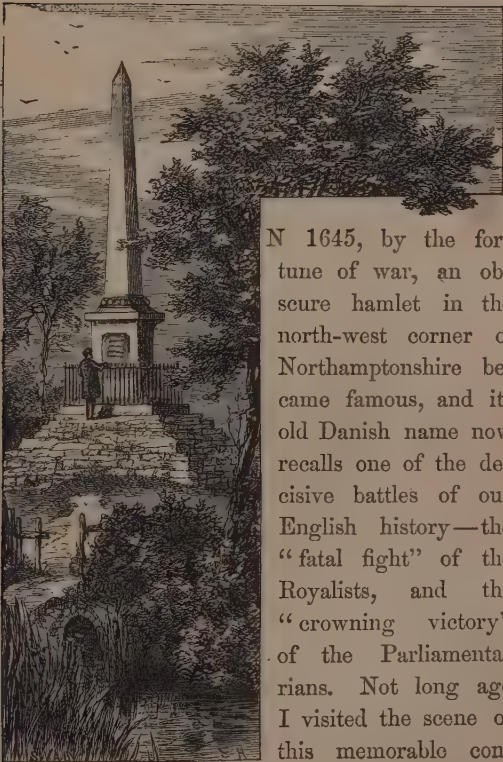
E. G.

E. Griset del.

R. Knight sc.

Maseby Field.

By John Gargill Bruce.



IN 1645, by the fortune of war, an obscure hamlet in the north-west corner of Northamptonshire became famous, and its old Danish name now recalls one of the decisive battles of our English history—the “fatal fight” of the Royalists, and the “crowning victory” of the Parliamentarians. Not long ago I visited the scene of this memorable con-

flict in the company of an amiable ghost; and as Naseby is out of the beaten tracks of tourists, a few extracts from my note-book may be acceptable to some of the readers of these Papers.

The spirit of Parson Mastin, my invisible companion, spoke through the yellow pages of the *History and Antiquities of Naseby*, a little book printed at Cambridge in 1792. This work is a fair specimen of that abundant literary product styled Gentle Dulness by Carlyle, and so tenderly burlesqued by Lowell in his notes and introduction to the *Biglow Papers*. But Gentle Dulness is not to be despised, as it often implies many admirable qualities, and when sufficiently mellowed by time it is delightful. I could not have had a more amusing expositor of the memorabilia connected with Naseby than the prattling spirit of old John Mastin, its former vicar.

Naseby cannot be very far from the centre of England; and according to Mastin its name, formerly spelt Navesby, is closely related to the old word "nave," which signifies a centre. The vicar naturally regarded his darling village as the real "hub of the universe," and doubtless saw in its dilapidated market-cross "the axis of the earth sticking out visibly." This central hamlet stands on one of the highest hills of the great oolitic belt, and is exposed to winds from every quarter. A bleak upland tract is Naseby field; and to the

frequency of its storms Mastin ingeniously ascribes a habit of "vociferating very loudly" peculiar to his parishioners. Though often boisterous, the air of this quarter is said to be very salubrious, and particularly favourable to longevity. Several "Naseby children," who had weathered the storms of from eighty to a hundred winters, were put to bed in the old churchyard by the parson. Naseby field is an important watershed, and includes the head-springs of two well-known rivers, the Avon and the Nen, which flow towards different seas. The elevated position of the whole lordship is evinced by the fact that no water runs into it from any of the surrounding districts. One day, as Parson Mastin was examining some fossil shells which he had just found, a neighbour asked him to explain their origin. Geology was then in a nebulous condition; but the thoughtful parson unhesitatingly expressed his conviction that the shells had lain in the ground ever since the Flood.

"A flood!" exclaimed the incredulous uplander, "there never was a flood at Naseby!"

The old church, the nucleus of the village, has been much altered since John Mastin held the vicarage, and even since Carlyle saw it; for "the truncated spire, finishing itself with a strange old ball held up by rods," has been displaced by an ugly stone steeple—a weak crocketed thing, which does not appear to belong to the tower from which

it springs. The strange old ball, which has disappeared, was one of the lions of Naseby. It was brought from Boulogne in the reign of Henry VIII. ; and after adorning a mansion in Cambridgeshire for a couple of centuries, it came into the possession of Squire Ashby, who caused it to be placed on Naseby church tower. There is no memorial of the great fight in the church, and, strange to say, there is not a word about it in the parish register—"an omission utterly inexcusable in a resident clergyman," according to our vicar's ethics. Those who fell in the conflict were hastily buried in shallow pits on the field ; and in Mastin's time the sites of these great graves were plainly marked by dank hollows. Indeed, one of the vicar's neighbours could describe the burial of the dead in the words of his grandfather, who was a strong boy at the date of the battle. Though the churchyard is not the resting-place of those who fell on Naseby field, it is connected with the fight by the following enigmatic anecdote related by Parson Mastin :

"Some years ago, on a Shrove-Tuesday, two women of the village had a violent dispute in the churchyard : from words they proceeded to blows, and fought most furiously ; when a man, who was shot at the battle of Naseby, came out of a grave and parted them." The solution of this riddle is simple enough. Quartermaster Hum-

phrey Thompson, a parishioner of Naseby, fighting valiantly on the King's side, was wounded, but not mortally. After quitting the army he was made parish-clerk and sexton, and was digging a grave when the above-mentioned quarrel happened.

Most of the cottages in Naseby were doubtless standing at the time of the great civil war, and some of them are probably among the oldest examples of domestic architecture existing in England. Their thick clay walls and heavily thatched roofs may have been kept in repair by the daubing and patching of numberless generations; and at the present time the whole village looks more like a natural growth than the work of men's hands. There are few straight lines to be seen in Naseby. The outlines of the old cottages are graceful curves, the ground is undulating, the streets are serpentine, and it is a short lane that has no turning. A painter fond of village subjects might profitably spend a summer in this picturesque old place.

Not far from the church there is a slimy pool, from the centre of which rises a conical mass of stucco, which suggests at once an extinguisher and a chimney-pot. Upon this strange object the following legend is inscribed: "Source of the Avon, 1822." This slimy pool is indeed the visible source of Shakespeare's Avon, that lovely

stream which flows so proudly past the great poet's resting-place at Stratford to join the Severn at Tewkesbury. The taste of 1822, which called the chimney-pot memorial into existence, is not commendable; and it is to be hoped that a less ridiculous structure may some day arise from the Avon well.

Two roads pass out from Naseby towards the north, crossing the old battle-field. About a quarter of a mile on the one leading to Clipston, upon the highest point in the lordship, an obelisk has been erected in remembrance of the fight. It is not a good specimen of monumental architecture; but the trees which have been planted near it, and the tall weeds which have sprung up round its rough base, relieve its ungainly proportions, and render it a picturesque object. It bears the following inscription:

“To commemorate that great and decisive Battle fought in this field on the XIV day of June MDCXLV between the Royalist army commanded by his Majesty King Charles the First and the Parliament forces headed by Generals Fairfax and Cromwell, which terminated fatally for the Royal cause, led to the subversion of the Throne, the Altar, and the Constitution, and for years plunged the nation into the horrors of anarchy and civil war, leaving a useful lesson to British Kings never to exceed the bounds of their just

prerogative, and to British subjects never to swerve from the allegiance due to their legitimate monarch. This pillar was erected by John and Mary Frances Fitzgerald, Lord and Lady of the Manor of Naseby, A.D. MDCCCXXIII."

This inscription might have been written by Mr. Facing-both-ways, so nicely is the lesson left by the battle divided between British kings and British subjects.

The battle was fought on the upland tract which lies about a mile to the north-west of the column. In Parson Mastin's time the old battlefield was open grazing ground; but it is now divided by numberless hedges, and is well cultivated. The plough has passed over the moor, and the great scar near the heart of our country is no longer visible. Naseby field now exists only in name; but this name recalls the military genius of Cromwell, the fruitless gallantry of Charles and Rupert, the steadfastness of the Parliamentary forces, and the final flight of the Royalists towards "Leicester, Market Harborough, and Infinite Space."

LITTLE FAN.

OUR Fan is a fairy, as funny as Puck,
In all sorts of innocent mischief for ever.
We think she's a changeling;—but, ah, by good
luck,
She's not ugly and crafty, but pretty and
clever!
Go, search through all Elfdom, and find if you can
A fay half as fair as our frolicsome Fan.

She has opened the door for the magpie, you see;
And Mag has set out on a mission of plunder!
Miss Mischief!—'twas sympathy set the bird free.
You deserve it—yet, ah, who could chide you,
I wonder!
Why, a touch spoils a butterfly's wing:—not *my*
plan;
Though I fear that I'm spoiling you, frolicsome
Fan!

T. H.



T. Scott del.

C. A. Ferrier sc.



INDOLENCE.

By J. J. S. JACOBSEN.



IN one respect this short paper may be said to differ from anything hitherto written, and thus lay claim to unquestionable originality. The writer has been compelled to *DISENGAGE himself completely from the subject before being able to deal with it.* This apparent contradiction of terms will be better understood than described—it is always a great comfort when any subject possesses that peculiar quality—and we will therefore leave it to the contemplation and imagination of the generous reader.

I am afraid that a very large amount of the mischief that is done in this rather mischievous, but, on the whole, very glorious world of ours, is caused through Indolence, or, perhaps, I should rather say “Loafing,” which is now a naturalised term on this side the Atlantic. There is a peculiar charm about it to most people. Of

course I except the strict business-man, who goes to the City every morning at 8 A.M. as punctual as his own watch (best make, with heavy chain attached), always sits on the same place on the omnibus, walks down to his office year after year on the same side of the street, delights in the terms of the most puzzling "market letter," or slightly contracts his brows "when things are flat" in Mark or Mincing Lane, who loves his books, but only those with a Dr. and Cr. side to them; not those that are the comfort of other mortals, and which "run on" from page to page, as we ourselves do until we get to THE END. There is no Indolence, no "loafing" tendencies, no weak spot about your strict business-man. He goes home at 7 P.M. in the same methodical manner, takes his tea, like all his other "pleasures," sadly, according to our notions, and just kisses his children before they are sent to bed—all he sees of them. On the Sunday he goes to church, and always sits in the same place in his pew; he is a good christian, a good citizen, and, above all, he and his firm are *most respectable*. He makes money by the bushel—to be spent by those that come after him; for as a rule your strict business-man always wants to make *gentlemen* of his sons, and only succeeds in making them conscious of their father's wealth, not of his other good qualities. How could they be, when they

never knew their father except as "the governor"? who, from some mysterious nook in the City, sent the money that they required, or, when they required more than he sent, had to be "done," if possible. Still, he does all for the best, and may be excused if now and then he looks down on the great majority of his fellow-men as "publicans and sinners." There is no doubt that his prototype the Pharisee was also thoroughly respectable, and altogether a very good man, only slightly given to self-emulation—as who is not?—and to look down upon the poor publican. From his pinnacle of respectability we can admire the strict business-man as such, because really there are very few of us who are like him, even amongst this "nation of shopkeepers," as Continentals delight in calling us. And we ought not to be sorry for it. It is better at once humbly to bow down and pray, "God be merciful to us sinners." But amongst our many failings and shortcomings—and here I talk about mankind all over the world—I think, as before stated, that none is more fruitful of mischief, in the sense of a milder term for evil, than that of indolence. Who of us is not conscious of having through it left things undone that ought to have been done? Who amongst us has not put off till to-morrow what ought to have been done to-day? Who has not omitted to cross his t's,

dot his i's, and mind his stops? Who must not plead guilty to having frittered away prodigious amounts of that valuable synonym for money—Time, by “loafing,” by getting into the “Lazy-alley,” as Popkins said when he came back from his Continental tour; or by inventing some specious excuse for not doing anything just now, while determining to “make up for it” by redoubled energy when we did begin work? Ay, and how many lives have been misspent and how many good qualities wasted through indolence!

Now there is my friend —, who always wishes to “turn a new leaf to-morrow.” I am sure he would be as good as his word if “to-morrow” did ever arrive. But somehow—and I am afraid I must say, rather to the satisfaction of my friend—to-morrow never does arrive. He goes to bed every night—in the small hours sometimes—with his head full of the most exquisitely beautiful paving-stones for a certain place; but when he wakes up the next—well, we will say *day*, to avoid all difficulties of distinction between morning and afternoon, which, at a time when we have morning performances, breakfasts and sittings about four o'clock P.M., would be rather too many for my present purpose,—when our friend has quite roused himself, had his bath and his tea, and begins to look at “the time

of day," or rather at the day itself, he finds that it is not the "to-morrow" he expected, but that it is "to-day." To-morrow is the next day after that. Ah, he must have made a chronological mistake; a thing which has happened before to better men, particularly when staying at a quiet sea-side place, where Monday is exactly like Friday, and *vice versa*.

Let grammarians say what they will about past, present, and future *tempora*, our friend maintains that there is only one, and that is *præsens*. The past is gone; and the future, about which so much is said, and for which so many mental resolutions are formed, *never arrives*. That is what he has arrived at. He is the best fellow in the world; he would not knowingly harm a fly; but he always stops where he is. In the evening he never wants to go to bed; in the morning he never wants to get up. He is always the last to come and to go at any party or jollification. There is an inexpressible charm about the hours and minutes stolen from duty or business—it is like forbidden fruit; and he has always balm for the conscience in the idea of taking a cab, or sending a note by one—as if those vehicles were especially contrived to make up for lost time! or in the contemplation of the feats of energy and astounding amount of work he is going to do—very shortly. He seriously means to shake off his lethargy and do something out of the

ordinary way some day ; and mayhap he will, for, after all, he does not really deceive himself by his mental special pleading ; he knows it is all clap-trap, and inwardly admits his guilt—the first and most important step to improvement. *Cen'est que le premier pas qui coûte* ; and that once taken, the royal road to reformation is open ; and the first step to mend our ways is a full and frank acknowledgment that we are in the wrong. When our lotus-eater has once roused himself to a thorough appreciation of this, the best hopes may be entertained of his being completely cured of his “amiable weakness.” And at a time when we live at high pressure, with the world always having full steam up ; when it is necessary that we should “pass the other craft or bust,” as the Yankee captain said when he sat down on the safety-valve, it is absolutely necessary that all idle ballast should be thrown overboard. We shall derive greater and more enduring satisfaction, though perhaps not so momentarily enticing, and though at first it may cost us a struggle—from the consciousness of having done our duty, than can possibly be obtained by the forbidden fruit of neglecting it. Therefore let us start at once and shake the accumulated dust off our feet ; and ye, young men who begin life, never allow it to accumulate, for in most cases it is fatal ! “Trust in Providence, and keep your powder dry,” is an excellent

maxim ; but it is also requisite that we should never allow our rifle to get rusty and foul.

“ Do as I say, not as I do ;” for I have begun this short paper in one year of my existence, and have not finished it until another has overtaken me : it so happened that I began it on the eve of my birthday, and did not finish it till I had fully accomplished another year. I have been working at it in two years, in the same sense as anybody going to bed before twelve on New Year’s eve will sleep in two years ! Under those circumstances, I can do no better than wind up with a quotation that ought to be engraved on golden tablets, and in more precious and indelible characters in the memory of every one beginning life, viz. the words of Mr. Jarndyce, of Bleak House, to Richard Carstone :

“ The world is before you. Most probably, as you enter it, so it will receive you. Trust in nothing but in Providence and your own efforts. Never separate the two, like the heathen waggoner. If you had the abilities of all the great men, past and present, you could do nothing well without sincerely meaning it, and SETTING ABOUT IT. If you entertain the supposition that any real success, in great things or in small, ever was or could be, ever will or can be, wrested from Fortune BY FITS AND STARTS, leave that wrong idea here.” And here we will leave it.



BY HENRY S. LEIGH.

'Tis thine to share—O lady fair!—
The throng's ignoble strife;
The rout, the ball, the banquet-hall,
And Fashion's empty life.
Be thine the wiles and hollow smiles
Which Wealth to Beauty pays;
Put envy not the Poet's lot
In these prosaic days.

O lady bright ! the restless night,
The vigil of despair,
And (worst of all) the critic's gall,
Are not for thee to share.
The world's *elite* is at thy feet,
And Folly lisps thy praise ;—
O, envy not the Poet's lot
In these prosaic days !

Mine eyes are blue—Byronic hue !—
I turn my collar down ;
Methinks I wear the longest hair
Of any bard in town.
Yet—bitter fact !—my looks attract
The public's grinning gaze ;—
O, envy not the Poet's lot
In these prosaic days !

I cannot find one lofty mind,
One publisher of sense ;
And so my rhymes are oftentimes
Brought out at *my* expense.
I could not *sell*—I know it well—
My lyrics and my lays ;—
So, envy not the Poet's lot
In these prosaic days.

Ah, lady mine !—wouldst seek to twine
A coronal of song ?
Trust one who knows what heavy woes
To Poesy belong.
Forget the fame that gilds the name
Of him who dons the bays ;
And envy not the Poet's lot
In these prosaic days.





O, MOTHER!



MY FIRST PIGEON RACE.

BY W. B. TEGETMEIER.

THE desire for the practical study of natural history, which has been a ruling passion with me from my early youth, was sadly interfered with during many of the years of my boyhood by a long-continued residence in the metropolis. Nevertheless, even under the disadvantages of a London life, I followed my favourite science with a zeal and devotion that might have furnished Professor Craik, had he but known me, with the subject of an additional chapter in his work on *The Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties*.

As I could not study the objects of my delight-

ful pursuit in their native haunts, I sought them in the bird-shops of Seven Dials and the purlieus of Westminster. The front area of my father's house was covered with a cord netting of my own making, for wire netting was then unknown; and a choice collection of thrushes and other hardy British birds gladdened the neighbourhood with their song. The possession of pigeons, however,—the objects of my most absorbing passion,—was forbidden. The decoration of the paternal roof with a “dormer,” an “area,” “traps,” and all the appurtenances of pigeon-flying, so familiar to those persons who travel by the Great Eastern railway, and from their high preëminence look down on the Spitalfields weavers and their birds, was not to be thought of on the residence of a respectable Surgeon R.N. within a hundred yards of St. James's Street. But “where there's a will there's a way.” Our “doctor's boy” lived in Westminster, over against Tothill Fields Prison. I knew the place well; for with childish curiosity I had on several occasions followed the long string of prisoners, men, women, and even children, that, handcuffed to a chain, and under the charge of two red-waistcoated officers, passed our house every afternoon on their way from Marlborough Street Police Court to the prison. There were no police-vans with drivers in mock military uniforms in those days.

Our boy was a pigeon-fancier, and had a good flight of homing birds—many of which had “done Gravesend,” and some had flown back from the Nore. Here was an opportunity that could not be allowed to escape. I at once entered into a solemn league and covenant with him; paid one shilling weekly as my share of the rent of the loft; and became the possessor of birds of my own.

At times, when John was supposed to be delivering the drugs that were to assuage the sufferings of my father’s patients, we were ransacking the regions of Kent Street Borough, or Brick Lane Spitalfields, in search of a “blue-beard hen,” “grizzled dragon cock,” or “mealy skinnum,” that was required to complete my stud.

The birds kept by the class of pigeon-fanciers with whom I had become connected were those employed in flying-matches; and I need hardly state that ere long my great ambition was to become the winner of a pigeon race. To attain this end, my young birds, as soon as they were old enough, were entered in a match at a neighbouring public-house. The birds taking part in these contests are entered soon after they are able to fly—the quill or flight-feathers of the wing being stamped with the distinguishing mark of the particular race, and a fixed sum contributed weekly by the owners towards the prize which is to be competed for.

As soon as the young birds can fly strongly their training commences. They are taken day after day to gradually increasing distances from home, and then liberated. In this manner both their observation and power of flight are exercised, until at last they know their way accurately, and can fly back long journeys without loss of time.

In the days I am now writing about, railways were unknown. (Alas, how many memories are recalled by these few words! I seem to have lived in a distant age, which the present generation knows not of.) And many and many are the long walks I have taken with a couple of birds in a brown-paper bag, with a few holes to give them air, and a little straw in the bottom to keep out the sides. On arriving at my destination the birds were set free, when they would rise in the air, and circling in gradually increasing spirals, gaze around until they descried those familiar objects that constituted the landmarks by which they directed their homeward flight.

There are few subjects connected with the habits of animals about which more misconception prevails than respecting this homing faculty of pigeons. Authors and artists seem to have conspired to misrepresent the truth. The first tell us that pigeons return home by a peculiar instinct, and not by sight; whereas every pigeon-fancier knows that if, on their first essays, he takes his

young birds long distances, so that they cannot discern any familiar objects, they will only return by chance. The writers on this subject do not bear in mind the fact that the sight of birds is infinitely more acute than that of man; and that they possess a formation of the eyes by which they are able to adjust their sight to near or far-distant objects at will. Nor do they seem aware that a bird raised 130 yards in the air commands a panoramic view, the horizon of which is distant twenty-five miles, even when the surface is a perfect plain.

But the artists are as much to be blamed as the writers. We are all familiar with the pretty pictures of doves flying into the bosoms of their mistresses with large packets tied under their wings. These pictures have no foundation in nature. Like the German philosopher's idea of a camel, they are evolved out of the inner consciousness of the artists. A pigeon could not fly encumbered with a letter; and when a bird is employed for conveying a message, a narrow slip of paper is written on, rolled round its leg, and secured by a thread. As the leg and foot during flight are drawn up into the soft feathers, the paper so attached offers no impediment to the speed of the bird.

But to return to the pigeon match. The birds entered and trained for the match are on the day

appointed taken to some distant place, either previously fixed on, or the direction of which may be decided by lot on the morning of the race. The birds competing are then set free; and if well trained and conversant with the road, they return home with wondrous rapidity. Thus, in a match which annually takes place from Southampton to London, the winning birds always perform the journey in less than an hour's time. The competing bird on alighting at the house of its owner is instantly captured in one of the traps or in the "area," to which I have before alluded. A fixed time is permitted each owner to convey his bird to the rendezvous, usually the public-house where the "fly" has been organised. This time of course varies with the distance. After securing the "voyageur," the owner loses not an instant in conveying it to the goal. Not unfrequently relays of one or two quick runners are arranged, and the bird is passed from hand to hand with the greatest celerity.

Well do I recollect my first race. The fly was from Gravesend—a favourite spot in that pre-railway time, as being easy of access by steamers. There were ten competitors. The birds had been sent down the river by the first boat in the morning, in charge of three or four persons to see fair play. John was up in the loft on the look-out to catch my bird (the best "grizzle skinnum" I had

bred that year) as soon as he pitched. The rendezvous was about a quarter of a mile off; and he was to run with the bird half the distance, whilst I was waiting to convey it the remainder. From the corner where I stood I could see the loft of another competitor. As I was waiting, I anxiously scanned his flight of birds that were being driven up by him with a long light pole as they tried to settle to feed; for to get them to come into the area directly the racing bird had joined them on his return, they had been kept without food all day. At last I saw his head disappear in the "dormer;" his flight settled. I saw the blue dragon that had returned from Gravesend. The birds all ran into the area for the handful of tares he had thrown in; the trap-door of the area closed; I knew he had caught his bird, and that in ten seconds he would burst from the door of the house, and be first at the Blue Lion. And where was my bird? At that instant John turned the corner, running as though dear life itself depended on his speed. My skinnum was in his hand. Hurrah! the prize was mine; for, living further from the rendezvous, I was allowed a minute and a half more time than my dreaded competitor, whom I had just seen catch his bird. Before John reached me my rival rushed from his door, and with a shout of triumph, as he saw me waiting, darted like an arrow on his way. In a few seconds,

that seemed to me an eternity, John rushed to me with my bird. I snatched it from his hands, and ran as I never ran before or since, for there was not a moment to be lost. Still, with great speed I was sure of the prize; and I need not say I did my very best. I reached the corner of the street in which the Blue Lion stood, and leaned inwards, like a horse in a circus, as I turned the angle at my utmost speed. But, alas for the vanity of human hopes! An old woman, with a basket of apples suspended from her waist by a strap, was just round the corner; and I came full tilt against her. I am not very heavy; but impetus is the result of weight and velocity conjoined, and what I wanted in one was made up by the other; the consequence was that the old woman went over backwards, and I went over the old woman. Where the apples went I do not know; but I believe some of the boys round about could tell better than any other persons. My best mealy skinnum, that had virtually won the race, escaped in the collision, and went home again. I picked myself up without loss of time, and looked towards the Blue Lion—only to see my detested competitor and the landlord laughing at the unlucky chance which had robbed me of the prize.



G. Cruikshank del.

Dalziel Bros. sc.

THE BARBER BEARDED,

Or a Poor Old Shaver.

"Rasum teneatis, amici?"

I SAW a pensive Barber, all alone,
His useless razor eye;
Upon his lips a sigh,
And by his side a hone.

Unto his shining blade
This sad complaint he made,
Singing all piteously, unhappy wight,
While groans his bosom hove:
"The days are gone when, Beauty bright,
My art chins shove."*

Then when the blade he o'er his palm had drawn
It's new-set edge to test,
He beat his breast
And cried, "A fellow's occupation's gone!"

* A rare past tense of the verb "to shave:" vide dictionaries—particularly Walker.

He thought the future opened to his ken—
He saw the coming age of bearded men !
And, to the ruin of all hair-divestors,
The boys, the babies,—ay, each child of
natur'
In its perambulator—
By the example dire
Of every sire
Were all egged-on to turn out little Nestors.

And then he babbled of the Hairy-'un Schism,
And last exclaiming, “ O Rhypophagon ! ”
His trenchant blade he flung himself upon,
The last poor relic of old Barberism !

T. H.

MAGGIE'S YELLOW SHAWL.

By *ARTHUR LOCKER.*



URING the old French war my great-uncle's brother-in-law's sister's husband was carried off by the press-gang on board His Majesty's frigate *Belphegor*. Before he had been a week at sea, he tumbled by chance out of the mizen-rigging, and might have hurt himself badly, had he not, by merciful luck, fallen upon the first lieutenant—a fat, cushiony sort of gentleman. The lieutenant, instead of being pleased at having been the means of saving the poor fellow's life, was unreasonably angry, and roared out, "Where do you come from, you villain?" To which my kinsman, who was always a well-mannered lad, answered gravely, as he pulled his forelock, "From the North of Ireland, if you please, sir."

Now, that is just where I come from ; and if you wish to know more, I will tell you that my name is Peter M'Nulty, and that I am a native of the county Donegal, where I was brought up as a fisherman ; but as for my politics, whether Orange

or Green, that's a close secret between me and the Editor, and has nothing to do with the story he asked me to tell you, which, as you see, is about a different colour altogether. I said he might print it, provided he took all the Paddy language out of it, and made it read just like a tale out of a book. So here goes.

One fine summer's day, some five or six years back, as me and my brothers were busy getting our nets aboard, there came down to the beach a young gentleman, who asked leave to go for a cruise with us. He was a tall thin young man, with a pale face and hollow cheeks; there was a tuft of hair on his chin as big as a nannygoat's beard, and he spoke through his nose in a curious sort of sing-song way. He was a college student, he told us, and sitting poring over books had hurt his health; so he wanted to get all the fresh air he could, and he thought the best air he had ever set eyes on (the Editor says that's a bull) was the air of the county Donegal. My brother Tom, who pretends to have seen the world, whispered me that he was most likely an Oxford or Cambridge gentleman, for that he hadn't the Trinity Dublin cut about him at all. The young man overheard us talking, and said with a laugh that he wasn't an Englishmán, but a New Englander, and that he came from a part of America called Massachusetts.

Well, he not only took that trip with us, but twenty trips or more. He became quite a skilful fisherman; could take an oar, or lower a sail, or haul up a net just like one of ourselves. We all grew to be very fond of him; besides, we were proud to see how well the Donegal air agreed with him. His chest filled out, the colour came into his cheeks; his own mother would scarce have known him, he got so stout and rosy. Then he grew to be very fond of us, myself in particular; and many's the time he has said to me, half-joking, half-serious, "Peter, I sha'n't part with you till we've made a voyage round the world together."

Winter came on; the weather was cold and stormy, and fishing very slack. The young American gave up going out with the boat; but he often came down to our cottage (I refuse to let you call it a cabin) to spin a yarn with us, and slipped many a sly shilling into little sister Katie's hand, for he could see how pinched we were. One morning, as Tom and me and the rest of us — for there's close on a dozen altogether — were sitting eating our potatoes and buttermilk, and wishing the fish that hung in the chimney wasn't wanted for dinner, in walked Mr. Raymond, and cheerfully bade mother, who sat in a corner mending Tom's sea-boots, "good-morning." He had a spyglass in his hand, and he seemed excited.

"'Tain't often, I guess, Peter," he says, "you see a ship that size in Innisgannon harbour."

"No, sir," answers Tom (though he's younger than me, Tom always takes the words out of my mouth); "no, sir; and she looks like a country-man of yours, sir."

"You're right," says Mr. Raymond. "Take the spyglass, and read what's wrote on her stern."

So Tom boggled out, after five minutes or more,—for he's but a poor scholar, in spite of his boasting,—"The Jared Sparks, of New Bedford, Massachussetts."

"Right again," says the American. "And now, lads, make haste with your breakfast; I want ye to row me aboard."

The Jared Sparks was a smart-looking craft enough, but she smelt so strong of fish-oil that she nearly turned my stomach. I soon found out the reason; she was a whaler.

Presently the captain and Mr. Raymond, who had been having a long palaver together in the cabin, came on deck.

"Short-handed are you?" says Mr. Raymond. "Well, there's three prime hands for you," pointing to me and Tom and Andrew, who all opened our mouths wide with wonder as soon as we heard this.

The captain was a short stout man, with little stumpy legs and a big face. He spoke very

slowly, and turned his head as carefully as if it went by clockwork. His name was Cornelius Van Wyck; and though he had been—so Mr. Raymond told us—two hundred and fifty years in America, the sluggish Dutch blood still ran in his veins.

“They’ll do,” remarked Captain Van Wyck, puffing a cloud of smoke out of his pipe.

“You’ll ship, boys, won’t you?” says Mr. Raymond, smiling. “Captain Van Wyck’s an old friend of mine, and it’s quite a piece of luck to meet him in this out-of-the-way place. He put into Innisgannon because the water leaked out of one of his iron tanks, and now he wants me to go whaling with him to the South Seas. It’ll be prime fun; we sha’n’t stop away more than three years; we’ll share all the fish we take; and you’ll come home with your pockets full of money.”

“Hurrah!” cries Tom, flinging up his hat; “we’ll go with your honour.”

“Ay, ay,” chimes in Andrew.

“Speak for yourself, if you please, Mr. Tom, and not for me,” says I, in a rage. “It’s well enough for them two, your honour,” I says, turning to Mr. Raymond, “who are a pair of selfish bachelldores, with neither child nor chick; but how ever can I leave Maggie M’Ginn for three long years, and she under a promise to marry me betwixt this and Whitsuntide?”

“Don’t believe him, your honour,” cries

Tom , “ Maggie won’t look at him for a husband till he’s got the price of a new boat in his pocket.”

“Ay, ay,” says Andrew, who always chimed in with Tom.

“I’ve a big mind to knock the two of ye down,” I began, when Mr. Raymond laid his hand on my arm, and said, “Come, Peter ; you promised to sail round the world with me. Here’s the chance of doing it, and of making your fortune into the bargain. Maybe you’ll catch a whale with enough spermaceti in his head to light up Dublin Castle for a twelvemonth ; or a sea-unicorn, with a prong in his nose made of solid ivory, forty foot long. There’ll be a dowry for Maggie M’Ginn !”

I pondered for five minutes, and then said, “I’ll go, your honour.”

It would need a book as big as a Family Bible to tell all the adventures we went through in the South Seas ; so I shall only say that we met a deal of hardship, but at last got a full cargo of fish on board. I must, however, tell you that we put into Sydney for provisions, and that Sydney is the finest town I ever saw in my life, barring Londonderry. I never grew tired of staring into the shop-windows in George-street ; and one day I saw there the most elegant shawl in the world—the very shawl I should have chosen as a Sunday ornament for my darling Maggie’s back.

Mr. Raymond kindly advanced the money to buy it; but he says: "Peter, I don't admire your taste; the shawl's bright yellow." I explained to him that Maggie was a sober-minded girl, fond of quiet colours, and not like some lasses, who want to be stared at from the other end of a fifty-acre field. He said nothing more, but turned aside and blew his nose; so I suppose I convinced him. But little did I guess the first use to which my Maggie's shawl would be put.

We were coming home laden with oil to the top of our bulwarks, when, just as we wanted to cross the line, we were becalmed for a week together. It was a screeching hot day; the sails were flapping against the masts, and every living soul on board was asleep, barring me and Black Charlie. The nigger was taking his trick at the wheel, or making believe to take it; for there was no steering to be done, the ship had no way on her. As for me, I was leaning over the taffrail, whistling for a wind, and wishing myself back at Innisgannon, with my arm round somebody's waist.

"Sail, ho!" says the nigger.

"Whercaway?" I asked, half-bewildered.

"On our larboard bow."

I looked, and saw a big screw-steamer, barque-rigged, drawing close alongside of us.

"I'll call the captain," says I.

"De skipper don't like to be woke dis yere

briling weather," says Charlie. "Answer her signals fust. See, she's histing her colours."

Whereupon I ran up the Stars and Stripes.

Half a minute later the stranger stopped her engines, and began to blow off steam out of a hole in her side. The queer noise woke some of our hands; they began to sit up, and rub their eyes.

Just as Mr. Raymond came on deck, we saw the stranger manning her davits, and preparing to lower a boat. He clapped his spy-glass to his eye, and then turned very pale.

"She's a countryman of your honour's," I began; "but the stripes on her flag are—"

"Countryman be hanged!" cried Raymond. "She's a rebel—a villanous rebel and pirate! Quick, Peter, run below and fetch me a hammock, a lump of chalk, and Miss M'Ginn's yellow shawl. Quick! maybe your life depends on it.—And you, lads," he said to the rest of the crew, "lie down, as you value your shares in the cargo; don't let one of you show himself."

I thought Raymond was mad, but I was frightened to disobey him. So I brought up what he wanted. I made sure he was mad when he rubbed the chalk first over my face, and then over his own. He next bade me lie down while he rolled me up in the hammock. "Peter," he says solemnly, "for the safety of the ship and cargo, I must make believe you're a dead man.

I sha'n't heave you overboard, if I can help it, but you must shut your eyes, and keep as still as death." So saying, he rolled me up like a new-born baby. "Charlie," he says, speaking to the nigger, "take this shawl, make it fast to the signal-halyards, and run it up under the National flag."

"Ay, ay, sir," says Charlie.

By this time the boat was close alongside, full of men—for I kept one eye half open—armed with cutlasses and revolvers. Just then a light breeze sprang up, and Maggie's yellow shawl swelled out gracefully in the wind. As for myself, Mr. Raymond and Charlie had hoisted me on to the bulwarks, ready to let me drop overboard among the sharks. My heart was in my mouth; I didn't need any chalk on my cheeks, for I felt as white as a gull's wing.

"What ship?" says the officer in command of the boat, standing up in the stern sheets.

"The Jared Sparks of New Bedford, laden with blubber."

"Sickness aboard, eh?"

"Well, yes," says Mr. Raymond, "there's a tidy few down with Yellow Jack; I'm just going to bury this here one, and I reckon I shall be hove over the side myself in a day or two. Won't ye come aboard?"

"No, thank ye," answers the officer, as white

as a sheet; "I can smell the cussed fever where I sit.—Give way, boys. Pull back to the ship."

"Can't ye give us any news?" sings out Mr. Raymond; "we've been out three years, and don't know nothing."

"Hain't ye heard of the war?"

"What war? Britishers?"

"No. Civil war: Southern States against Northern States."

"Je-rusalem! Well, I did fancy your ensign looked a leetle different to ours."

"I should rayther calculate it did. That's our Confederate National ensign."

"And may I ask the name of your vessel?"

"She's pretty well known—the Alabama.—Give way, lads; put a wide berth betwixt us and the fever. Good-bye t'ye."

Captain Cornelius Van Wyck sauntered up the cabin-stairs, blinking and yawning, and with a long pipe in his hand, just as the Alabama got under steam.

"What's up, Mr. Raymond?" he says in his slow way.

"Why," answered Mr. Raymond, pointing to the mizen-rigging, "Peter and Charlie and I have saved your ship and cargo from destruction by the aid of 'Maggie's yellow shawl'!"



Houghton del.

Dalziel Bros. sc.

Whenever tiny girls or tiny boys
 Grow tired of life, though scarce within its portals;
 Whenever kisses, picture-books, and toys
 Begin to pall on these capricious mortals;
 It proves (to put it in a form concise)
 This earth of ours is in the wrong—or *may be*;
 Because the whole wide world will not suffice
 To satisfy one little naughty baby!

H. S. L.

A SOCIAL SCIENCE VALENTINE.

By THOMAS ARCHER.



ORGILLOUS maid, whose cruel scorn
 'Twould be gnathonical to say
Is too mordacious to be borne,
 Though in an opertaneous way ;
Let me coacervate a few
 Ambagious words amarulent,
Ludificatory, but true,
 Ere I become so macilent,
That without voice to ululate
 My lov'd one's luctisonous name,
My honour I impignorate,
 And raise a temulentive flame.
A quodlibetical essay
 Might stir adiaphoric souls ;
But I am bolary—and clay
 In one fixed advolution rolls.
You call me oscitant,—ah ! well,
 Obtenebration hides my tears ;
I may become sejungible,
 When labefaction comes with years.

Exequial nights, egestuous days
No nummary relief can soothe,—
No xenodochium allays
Radiccate thirst with “Bass” or
“Booth.”

Unaccendible paradigm !
Call not this effutitious prate ;
'Tis ecphonesis, though it seem
But babbling to balbucinate.
The humble orthoceratite,
The acanthopterygious skate,
Campestral flowers growing white
Or candicant, vivificate
Numerous entities,—for they
Concatenate in one great chain.
Divellicated day by day,
In dread dysphoria I complain.
Were I a logodædalist,
And not meticulously meek,
I'd make each epithet a fist
To smite your etiolated cheek.
But no ! deuteroscopic thought
Forbids my uttering a groan ;
Huxley will tell me it is naught,
And Darwin claims me for his own.



The Room in the Roof.

BY CHARLES W. QUIN.



I CAN hardly describe how pleased I felt when the senior partner of our firm—who are the largest marine engineers in Liverpool—walked into my little room, and said in a pleasant off-hand manner :

“ O, Burton, I shall want you to take the plans of those boat-engines we are going to make for the Baratarian Government to London by the first train to-morrow. You will call on the Baratarian ambassador, in Lower Grosvenor-street, as soon as you arrive, show them to him, and take his instructions, if he has any to give. Let me see,” he added ; “ to-day is Monday, and Thursday is Christmas-day : you have been sitting up all night three or four nights lately ; so, if you like to spend a week in London, you can do so.”

I was tremendously elated at this, for several reasons. First, it showed great confidence on the part of my employers ; and I tried ineffectually to persuade myself that this was the true cause of my heart beating so tumultuously at my ribs ; but it

was quite useless. I knew only too well that the real reason of my joy was to be found in the fact that my journey to London would give me the opportunity of visiting Charley Pickford, an old Liverpool chum, who had taken the management of a boat-building yard at Limehouse, and had gone to live there with his mother; O yes, and with his sister Charlotte.

I fear that, while my chief was giving me instructions about the Baratarian boat-engines, I was continually obliged to make frantic efforts to divert my thoughts from certain pleasant evenings I had spent with Charley Pickford and his sister, when they had visited Liverpool eight or nine months before. I managed, however, to make notes of everything correctly, and started for London next morning in a very happy and excited state of mind.

On my arrival at the embassy, I was at once received by the ambassador very courteously, who made three or four complimentary remarks about the greatness of England, and of our firm; and finally affixed to each plan a very illegible signature, in token of his entire satisfaction and approval.

As soon as I had passed the portals of the embassy, I jumped into a hansom, and was off to Limehouse Reach as fast as the promise of double fare could induce the driver to go.

Charley received me with open arms.

"Well, old fellow," he said, after I had told him my story, "this is a jolly surprise. Of course you'll stop Christmas with us."

"O no," I replied; "I must get back to Liverpool at once. I am very much obliged to you, but I really can't stay."

Now that I was on the point of seeing Charley's sister once more, I felt sheepish and irresolute, and wanted to run away again. However, as soon as Charley seemed inclined to let me go, I veered round once more and accepted his invitation. After Charley had done the honours of the yard and its workshops, we walked up to the private dwelling-house to get some lunch.

It was a queer, old-fashioned structure, partly built of wood, and seemed in the last stage of decay. It smelt damp and unwholesome, and the pretty way in which Charley's rooms were papered and furnished hardly removed the uncomfortable chill that seemed to pervade the place.

"Tumble-down old structure, isn't it?" said Charley, as we walked into his snug little sitting-room.

"Well," I replied, "it isn't very palatial, is it? but you have got your part of the house very comfortably fitted up."

"Ah, that's Miss Lotty's doing, not mine,"

cried Charley cheerily ; “ she takes care of me like a—like a wife, by Jupiter !”

I felt myself blushing horribly, but Charley was intent on picking the best bits out of a gibletpie, to put on my plate, and did not notice me. All this time I had been trying to ask after his mother and sister, and could not summon sufficient courage to do so. Besides, what appellation was I to use in speaking of the young lady ? I tried “ Miss Pickford,” “ Miss Charlotte,” “ Miss Lotty,” “ Charlotte,” “ Lotty,” and “ your sister,” over and over again in my mind ; but I could not succeed in determining which to use. I felt myself in for it this time though, so there was nothing for it but to gasp out :

“ O, I hope your mother and—er—Miss—er—sister are quite well. Bless my soul, how very strong this French mustard is !” and my pocket-handkerchief, dextrously applied, most effectually hid my confusion.

“ Mamma and Lotty are thriving like cedars of Lebanon. They are not here, you know. I could not think of bringing ladies into this hole, so I have taken apartments for them at Bow until the end of the year, when we intend taking a house there, and living all together. I can’t leave this place a moment at present ; in fact, I daren’t be absent an hour. Pedd and Mickle, next door, are running us awfully hard with the

Government contracts; but I fancy another six months or so of good hard work, done my own way, will put Spidds, Burgess, and Pickford at the top of the tree—on the Thames, at least.”

“Spidds, Burgess, and Pickford!” I ejaculated joyfully.

“Yes, old boy,” went on Charley; “they are going to take me into partnership at the end of the year. They must do so; old Burgess is nearly imbecile, and the Spidds are two old maiden ladies, who don’t know an anchor from a windlass.”

I congratulated him most heartily on his good fortune.

“But it has been fearful work,” he continued, with a look of pain and weariness; “fearful work. The labour I have had to bring everybody round to my way of thinking and acting has made half an old man of me. When first I came here two years ago, I found nothing but drunkenness, idleness, and general insubordination. I turned out seventeen men in one day for coming back drunk from dinner; and I have sent off foreman after foreman, until I have at last got the class of men who understand my bidding, and do it. Talk of your Manchester and Liverpool workmen! They are lambs and angels compared with your London men. I was nearly throwing the whole affair up last week, I felt so low and dispirited;

but, somehow, your coming has pulled me up again, and I feel fit for anything—ay, even for the malignity of Mr. James Levick.”

“And who is Mr. James Levick?” I interposed.

“Mr. James Levick,” said Charley, hissing the words out with pent-up rage and vexation, “was book-keeper here in old Burgess’s days. Just after I came, he walked in one morning quite drunk. I warned him of it, and he was cunning enough to conceal his faults for several months. At last, towards the end of last year, he was drunk so often, and became so insolent, that I turned him off. But the hound went immediately to old Burgess with a tale of woe as long as to-day and to-morrow; and a few days after the old boy came up to town purposely, and, with tears in his eyes, begged of me to take him back again. Of course I was obliged to do so, and since then I have had no peace. The man has set everyone in the place against me; but I have caught him, Frank—caught him napping; and he goes for ever to-morrow.”

“What has he done?” I asked.

“He has simply been robbing the firm for the last three years at the rate of three or four hundred a year, that’s all,” chuckled Charley, rubbing his hands gleefully.

“What! robbing the till do you mean?”

“ You shall hear,” he laughed. “ When first I came here I knew nothing of book-keeping ; but at the beginning of last year, just as Levick was reinstated, I thought that if I learned the gentle art of keeping books, I might be able to find fault with his system, or find him out in some error made when he was drunk, so that I might have a good case against him. So for nearly two months I went up to the City every night and took lessons, until my master turned me out as perfect. You know the offices are on the ground-floor of this house, and the books are brought up to my bedroom every night and locked in the iron safe there ; consequently I could examine them when I pleased. I did so ; but not a single error or omission of any sort or kind could I find out. I was in despair ; but that Levick should go at Christmas I was determined. In the mean time, I thought, just for practice’ sake, I would order a set of books similar in all respects to our own, and work at them every night, comparing them with Levick’s, to see if I had really learned the whole art of book-keeping. I went on swimmingly for a month or six weeks, when I found I had apparently added up wrongly a page of the cash-book. I went over it time after time, and then I went over Levick’s, and found he was wrong. I hardly knew how to act ; so I made a note of the matter, intending to bring it against him at Christmas. Six weeks

after, the same thing occurred, and then for the first time I noticed that the mistakes were against the firm. I set to work at the books for the preceding three or four years, and found Mr. Levick had pocketed nearly eight hundred pounds during that time, simply by carrying forward wrong totals in his cash-book. So, to-morrow Mr. Levick goes."

"Hurrah!" I cried, shaking him by the hand; "you'll be free of the scoundrel, and—"

"Ple', sir," said a small boy in buttons, who had suddenly appeared at the door, "Fortman and Masin says as the *patty de fo gree* will be sent to-morrow afternoon, and the poulterer says the turkey shall be 'ere first thing in the morning."

"My body servant and purveyor general," whispered Charley, in explanation; "he is the son of my gatekeeper, and is as sharp as a needle. You must manage to shake-down on the sofa to-night, old fellow, and I'll have a proper bed sent up for you to-morrow.—Bob, send up your mother."

When Bob's mother appeared, Charley directed that the drawing-room sofa should be made up for me.

"Well, sir," hesitated Mrs. Downson, who appeared to act as housekeeper, "don't you think Bob could sleep with us at the gate-'ouse, and this gentleman could have the Room in the Roof?"

"A first-rate idea, Mrs. Downson," broke out

Charley; "the very thing. It's a tumble-down old place, but a good bed is better than a sofa four feet eight inches long. Pray see to clean sheets, and all that sort of thing."

Mrs. Downson went off to make preparations; and it was arranged that I should inhabit the Room in the Roof as long as I stayed at Limehouse.

When the works closed at six o'clock, Charley and I went up to town, dined, and were back again by nine o'clock for a long chat and several glasses of grog. About eleven Charley rang for candles, and led me up to the Room in the Roof.

It certainly was a rough-looking place. It ran the whole length of the house, and was lighted by a window at each end. It was long and narrow, and looked more like a drain than a room. The floor was worm-eaten; and though it had been renewed in parts, there were still holes enough about to make one rather careful in walking. The rafters above had formerly been painted, but of what colour it would puzzle Ruskin himself to say. The portion where the bed stood had been divided off with a wooden partition about ten feet high, and the roof above had been covered in with rough boards to prevent the spidery inhabitants of the rafters from falling on the occupier of the bed. Although the fenced-off portion was comfortable enough, the rest was certainly most

weird and mysterious-looking. When Charley left, I could not help roaming about the place, peering up into the roof, which seemed to me, with a single candle, to be a topless mass of rafters. At last I turned into bed, and began to dream about Charlotte, when, just as she was telling me never to call her anything but Lotty, I was suddenly awoke by one of the most fearful sounds I ever heard uttered in this world.

It was neither a cry nor a scream nor a groan, but it seemed to partake of all of them. It was a long, low, thrilling whine, which seemed to pass from one end of the room to the other, eddying about amongst those interminable rafters until it melted away into silence.

I was out of bed in an instant. I know not whether it is a physical fact or not that men's hair stands on end with fright; but if it is, mine certainly stood on end that night. As soon as the first feeling of terror had passed away, I crept back to bed, covered my head up completely in the bed-clothes, and began to reason with myself. Of course it was some dog whining, or a horse in the stables whinnying in his sleep, or perhaps a cow lowing in a neighbouring cowshed, or Charley snoring. I actually laughed aloud at myself; but I could not go to sleep for all that. I kept listening and listening, trying to hear the noise again in imagination, and endeavouring to recal every

sound I had ever heard, in order to compare it with the dreaded one. At last, after tossing for two or three hours, I fell asleep, and slept soundly until Bob woke me next morning at eight.

When I got down to breakfast, Charley saluted me with

“O, dash it, here’s a bother! Mamma and Charlotte won’t be here to-night. There’s high jinks on where they are staying at Bow, and they won’t let Lotty leave. Never mind, I’ll make up for it under the mistletoe on Christmas-day with all of them, or I’m a Dutchman.”

Charley seemed singularly anxious to kiss his sister, I thought; but he was always a most affectionate brother.

Charley went down to the yard, and I went off to moon about town, appointing to meet him at seven o’clock at the Solferino. He kept me waiting nearly a quarter of an hour. When he came in, he looked radiant.

“It’s all right, old boy!” he sang out cheerily; “the beast is gone. Hurrah!”

A quiet old gentleman in the next box looked at him with a glance of mingled pity and fright.

“Yes,” he went on; “I called him into my room, told him I knew everything, and that Quilter and Balls’ people knew it too. I gave him his choice between 22 L, whom I had got in the passage, or quiet dismissal. He laughed at

me, told me I know nothing of book-keeping, threatened me with old Burgess and an action for wrongful dismissal and defamation of character. However, he went; and I am happy once more.—
Char-r-rles!”

“*Oui, m'sieu.*”

“*Clicquot, vite!*”

“*Oui, m'sieu.*”

We did not reach Limehouse till nearly midnight, when, at the bottom of the breakneck staircase leading to the Room in the Roof, Charley, influenced possibly by the time of year, *Veure Clicquot, La Rose, Chartreuse jaune*, to say nothing of several bran'-sodas on our way home, told me confidentially that he was going to marry Rosa Maitland, a friend of his sister's, who was coming to dinner on Christmas-day, and who was, “O, a stunner, my boy—a downright stunner—with a couple of thou' too! Watch you think o' that?” and we wished each other good-night, and went to our respective beds.

I could not sleep a wink; I was much too excited. I began to speculate upon what I should call Charley's sister. I determined at once that I should act boldly. None but the brave, &c. I should call her Lotty; seize her gently round the waist, and kiss her under the mistletoe. Then after dinner I should easily find an opportunity of telling her all. She *must* care for me, or she

never would have thrown the handkerchief at me when we were playing at kiss-in-the-ring at old Eden's at Liverpool. And that girl in orange muslin, how she pestered me about her because—really most unwillingly on my part—I threw the handkerchief at her! I would explain all about the orange muslin to-morrow; I would act bravely, and—

Great Heaven! the sound again. This time I was perfectly wide awake, and there was no doubt about it. There was the same dull, moaning, prolonged wail, which was neither in the Room in the Roof nor out of it; there it was, swirling and vibrating up amongst those innumerable rafters, shaking the whole house with its blood-freezing, quivering whine.

I was utterly unnerved. I knew I was not a coward. I had faced death by shipwreck and by fire; I had been through the Sepoy Mutiny, and I had helped to nurse yellow-fever patients at Barbadoes; but this fearful sound had completely unmanned me, and I lay huddled up in the bed-clothes bathed in a cold perspiration, trembling like a child, and literally afraid to move. Come what would, I would go down to Charley's room. I crept down the breakneck stairs to Charley's door, which was half open. I hesitated before going in. Why not bring down the blankets and lie down on the sofa in the drawing-room?

Charley seemed to be sleeping very uncomfortably, for he was making a most horrible gurgling sound in his sleep. I pushed the door open.

"Murder, murder! help, help!" I shouted; and in another instant I had torn a man from Charley's throat, and had thrown him on the ground, planting my knee firmly on his chest.

"By George, Frank," cried Charley, who soon recovered himself, and came to my assistance, "it was a narrow squeak; another minute and I should have been done for. You have saved my life, old boy. Have you got the scoundrel tight? I'll call up the yard watchman;" and he opened the window and did so.

"What sort of looking beggar is he?" went on Charley, stooping down to look at the man. "Good heavens, it's James Levick!"

I needed no help from Charley in holding the fellow down; for in falling he had struck his head against the fender, and was completely stunned.

"Go and fetch a cab, two policemen, and a doctor," Charley called out of the window to the watchman.

When they arrived, we told them the whole affair. The doctor was examining the wound in Levick's head, when suddenly he sprang upon his feet, and shrieked out in a voice of terror—

"Keep him away; keep him away! The figures are right, I tell you! Keep him away,

keep him away!" and then he burst into a peal of unearthly laughter.

"A very decided case of mania, my dear sir," said the doctor; "caused by cerebral excitement, and aggravated by the injury to the cranium."

"Case of D. T., I should think, sir," whispered 22 L; "party was a orful lushy lot. I've took him 'ome scores of times. Didn't like to run him in, you know, as he belonged 'ere. London 'Orspital's the place for him, I reckon; and if you'll charge him, we'll send one of our men down jest to see as the doctors treats him properly."

A strait-waistcoat was procured from the station; and the two policemen, with the aid of Bob's father and the night-porter, forcibly invested him in it, and carried him off to the London Hospital.

When the house was once more quiet, and we had returned from our dreary journey with the culprit, Charley and I shook each other by the hand with very moist eyes, and without uttering a word for a good five minutes.

At last Charley said huskily, "Thanks for your Christmas-box. We must keep this secret for to-morrow at least. I'll tell them everything the day after, but our Christmas-day must not be spoiled. The people here will say nothing, and I have arranged with the police. You had better turn in with me and get some sleep. But how, in

the name of wonder, did you manage to appear in such an *ex machinâ* style?"

"Well," I stammered, "I thought I heard a noise of some sort, and I came down to see what it was."

"The cowardly villain," growled Charley, "to attack me in my sleep! He must have concealed himself in the offices somewhere, and sneaked up as soon as he thought I was safe. By Jove! my throat is very much swollen; I shall have to sham bronchitis to-morrow."

The next morning we were both up somewhat late; and as I walked in to breakfast, I don't think I ever heard such furious kissing as Charley was submitting to with excellent grace from the two girls and his mamma.

"That will do; that will do," he cried helplessly; "see who is looking at you."

Mrs. Pickford turned round and greeted me warmly; Rosa gave a little scream, and covered her face with her hands; while Lotty fled to the window.

"Rosey dear," said Charley, "allow me to introduce you to Frank Burton, the best and dearest of all my friends; mind what I say, dear, —*the* best and dearest."

Rosa, who was a very pretty girl, but not of my style of beauty, advanced and shook hands with me most warmly.

"You two must never call each other anything but Rosa and Frank," said Charley, laughing.

"Rosa," I said in the boldest possible manner to that young lady, "will you obey Charley?"

"Yes, Frank, I will," she replied; and then I actually kissed her under the mistletoe, and we all laughed until the cups and saucers on the table jingled again.

All this time Lotty was standing at the window looking at the river.

"Hullo, Lotty, you haven't forgotten your old friend Frank, have you?" called out Charley.

Lotty advanced from the window, biting her lip.

"Mr. Burton has apparently forgotten his old acquaintances," she said, with a roguish twinkle in her eyes, "in his anxiety to form new ones."

She only considered me an acquaintance!

"Really, Miss—er—Lot—ford," I stuttered, "I must—er—apologise. I mean—I hope—" and I floundered about in the most helpless manner, blushing radiantly the whole time. Charley, however, came to my rescue.

"Here, I say, no apologies allowed on these premises. Man-traps and spring-guns! Beware of the dog!" shouted Charley. "Now, girls, go and take your bonnets off, and come and make breakfast for two forlorn bachelors."

O how bewitching she looked, with that perky little black-velvet Spanish hat cocked ever so slightly over one eye—with that wonderful yellow hair, bound up so very prettily in a glistening net—with those large gray eyes and sweeping lashes—with that impudent little turn-up nose and short upper-lip—with that soft little ball of a chin, with a dimple set in the middle of it!

But Charley would not let me rave to myself.

“You have put your foot in it, young fellow,” he said, shaking his head seriously at me.

“Did I do wrong in taking that—”

“Bosh, man! Why, you kissed Rosey, and left Lotty utterly forsaken, watching the barges. Why didn’t you kiss Lotty?”

Why didn’t I kiss Lotty? What a question!

I said something about not liking to take such a liberty.

“O, liberty be blowed!” snapped out Charley rather savagely, I thought; “you are not half a fellow.”

After breakfast Charley sallied off with his mother to the lower apartments to inspect the turkey; and Rosa, who said she must go and take a lesson in housekeeping, followed; so Lotty and I were left alone.

Here was an opportunity! How should I be-

gin? I could hardly ask her if she liked house-keeping, and follow up that slender clue; so I said instead—

“What a number of barges there are on the river to-day, Miss Pickford!”

“Yes,” she replied; “you gave me quite an opportunity of counting them just now, when you were so rude to me. However, I must forgive you, I suppose, and say no more about it. I know what an attraction new faces always have for you. Don’t you think Rosey very pretty?”

I felt preternaturally bold. I was almost going to say, “Yes, very pretty; but not so pretty as you;” but I luckily altered it into—

“Yes, very pretty; but not—er—my style. I always prefer fair beauties to dark.” And I gave her what I thought was a meaning glance.

“Ah, true,” she replied; “I forgot. Let me see; that girl in orange satin, or muslin, or whatever it was, that we met at Eden’s ball, she was fair, if I recollect rightly. I hope the affair has gone on satisfactorily. Mind you send me a piece of wedding-cake.”

I protested most strongly that she was quite mistaken. I never had had the least idea of the girl.

“We can only judge by appearances, Mr. Burton; and certainly on the evening in question you appeared to be desperately smitten

with the girl in orange merino, or whatever it was."

I was silent for a few minutes. I was elaborating a wonderful speech—something about another young lady at the same ball, whose image, &c.; but my building was swept away by the entrance of Mrs. Downson for the breakfast things. When she was gone, Lotty got up and began admiring the way in which Charley had decorated the room with holly and ivy. Presently she walked over to where the mistletoe was hanging, and said:

"Look here, Mr. Burton; I don't think they have hung this mistletoe quite straight."

Here was a chance! Here was a distinct and deliberate challenge! But she could not possibly mean it, or she never would call me Mr. Burton.

I crossed over to where she was standing, and said seriously:

"Well, Miss Pickford, I really don't think they have. Shall I get a chair and set it right?"

"Thank you for agreeing with me," said Lotty sourly; "I think I'll run down and look at the turkey."

I feebly muttered something about accompanying her, but she only said:

"Thanks, no; I prefer going alone."

I wonder how many fools and cowards I called myself after she left the room.

The rest of the day passed as pleasantly and quietly as most Christmas-days do. We dined rather early, as the ladies had to start for Bow at ten o'clock from Limehouse station. Before they went, however, it was agreed that there should be a grand dinner at Verey's on the morrow.

After dinner I became quite bold. I made use of Lotty's name most distinctly several times, and squeezed her hand repeatedly without its being taken away. When we started for the station, she put her hand under my arm in the most natural manner.

Then it all came out. What I said I know not. Does anybody know what he says on such occasions? When I came to the end, however, she released her hand from my arm and said in the coolest possible manner :

"Thank you very much for your offer, Mr. Burton; but I must decline it. When I marry, I should prefer a husband with a little more politeness and a little less fickleness than you seem to possess.—Mamma dear, have you got my ticket?"

I was petrified. The astonishment I felt seemed to eclipse all the feelings of grief and disappointment that ought to have been uppermost. All the way home Charley talked incessantly of Rosa's perfections, and luckily did not notice the inane answers I gave him when he addressed me.

I climbed up to the Room in the Roof, and

felt as men feel who have lost a priceless treasure through their own fault. I dared not face her again. I would have run away there and then ; but I knew I should have to pass the gateway, the keys of which were in Charley's room. However, I would be off early in the morning.

As I was dressing next morning, Charley tapped at my door and entered.

"Do you know it's nearly eleven o'clock, and mamma and the girls are waiting breakfast for you? I have told them all about your saving my life, and they are all crying out for the hero."

When I went down I was met on the stairs by Charley, who said in a most mysterious whisper—

"Go into the drawing-room."

"Into the ——"

"Don't ask any questions, but go into the drawing-room."

I thought it odd, but I obeyed him.

The first thing that met my eyes was my golden-haired little fairy standing at the window with her face hidden in her hands. I walked over to her.

"Dear Frank," she said, putting both her hands on my shoulders, and looking straight into my eyes, "Charley has told me how you saved his life ; and it has made me see how wicked I was to you last night. I meant it only to plague you, for I do truly love you with all my heart ; and if you

will ask me again to be your wife, I will try and—try and—”

And then we both broke down completely.

* * * * *

Charley was glad, mamma was delighted, Rosa was triumphant. But the gladdest, the most delighted, the most triumphant of all the household was Bob.

Wherever he met me, he would leer at me like a young demon, cut a catherine-wheel if place and time served, and ejaculate, with a series of winks and nods,

“Beg pardon, sir; excuse the libutty, sir; but ain’t Miss Lotty a rippin’ young lady, sir? Wish you joy, sir.”

What excursions we took during the remaining three days! What quarrels we had; followed, of course, by the most affecting reconciliations! What a number of times Rosey called me a goose for not having seen the whole affair years before! What a number of times Charley slapped me on the back and called me a jolly old brick, but always finishing up with—

“I say, old fellow, isn’t Rosey a little stunner?”

As for the mistletoe, it was speedily voted a bore, and a useless old vegetable. At any rate, after the first morning it was never used again.

I went back to Liverpool by the night-train. Bob carried my carpet-bag down to the station.

As the train was starting, he put his head in at the window and said mysteriously :

“ Beg pardon, sir ; did you hear any noise when you slep’ in the Room in the Roof ? ”

“ No,” I said savagely ; but Bob saw “ yes ” in my face, I am sure.

“ ’Cos the tellygraft-pole is atop of our ’ouse, and when the wind blows from the nor’ard them sixteen wires makes a row as ’ud frighten anyone as didn’t know of it.”

* * * * *

Last year, when I came up to town to be present at Charley’s wedding and my own, we all four went up to the Room in the Roof one gusty day to hear the wires moan.

“ Those dear old wires,” said Rosey, “ what blessed music they make ! Just fancy, if Frank had not heard them, he might not have saved Charley’s life.”

“ And I might never have forgiven Frank for having been such an egregious goose on Christmas-day,” pouted Lotty.

And we all walked down the old breakneck stairs in silence, and were very grave for at least half an hour afterwards.



T. W. Lawson del.

R. Knight sc.

MY FIRST-BORN.

THE BATTLEFIELD OF SADOWA.

A Fragment.

By G. L. M. STRAUSS.



LEAVING Berlin about a week after the final struggle between the multitribed Hapsburg Titan and the needlegun Jupiter of Zollern, I visited the valley of the Bistritz, that small, slightly sluggish Bohemian streamlet on which the momentous events of the 3d July have conferred henceforth an Issus and Granicus and Beresina-like celebrity in the world's history.

The valley of the Bistritz runs parallel with the upper Elbe, from north to south. The high plateau between the two rivers was the scene of the great battle of Sadowa and Chlum, or of König-grätz (Königgrätz*), as it has pleased his Majesty of Prussia to call it.

* Königgrätz is the official German name of the Bohemian fortress which is called *Kralové Hradec* in the Slavonic-Czechian tongue. *Kralové* means queen; *Hradec*, town; *Kralové Hradec* accordingly means simply Queenstown. *Grätz* is the German pronunciation of *Hradec*. *Königsgrätz* (Kingstown) is only a blundering contraction of the correct name, *Königgrätz*.

The ground forms a somewhat irregular parallelogram, extending some nine English miles in length from north to south, by from six to eight English miles in breadth from west to east. The four extreme points are Cerekwitz, N.W.; Neschnaschow, N.E.; Nechanitz, S.W.; and Königingrätz, S.E. The plateau is diagonally intersected from north-west to south-east by the highway leading from Gitschin over Sadowa to Königingrätz. It is traversed in all directions by numerous larger and smaller roads and paths, leading up to a variety of defiles through mounts, dales, and marshes. To the south of the Gitschin and Königingrätz road the ground is rather thickly wooded. The entire plateau is pretty plentifully studded with hamlets and villages, most of which were the scene and object of fiercest contention on the portentous 3d of July. The hottest fight, however, raged about Sadowa, Lippa, or Lipa, hill and village (situated on the highroad from Gitschin to Königingrätz, some two English miles to the south-east of Sadowa), and Chlum, situated about one English mile eastward of Lippa; and in the southern section of the plateau, about Nechanitz, Probus, and Prim. Sadowa formed the centre of the Austrian position. Right in front of the village of Sadowa lies the mansion of the lord of the manor; and a few hundred yards to the north of this, the fores-

ster's lodge, from which run in a north-eastern direction several narrow strips of forest, extending about one to two English miles in length. The edge of this wood had been transformed into a heavy abatis by the cutting down of trees. The Austrians had, long before the battle, made a great deal of artillery-practice here, and had got the ranges to a nicety; and they had marked the distances by what, at the first glance, looked like perfectly unsuspecting funeral crosses, and by stripping the bark off the trees, and other ingenious devices. However, I must not forget that it is not my intention here to describe the battle, but simply to give a slight sketch of the field as it looked about a week after. I came down from Horzitz over Millowitz to Sadowa, in company of a Prussian sergeant, slightly wounded in the left arm, who had kindly volunteered to act as my guide over the battlefield. Although the sun had risen and set some seven times since the battle-day, there were still ample marks left everywhere of the desperate fight and the disastrous rout of the Austrians: the paths were covered, and so were the fields here and there, in more or less extensive patches, with the gutted remains of knapsacks, kepis, cartridge-boxes, &c., mostly stripped of everything in the shape of iron, steel, or usefully available leather about them. But there remained still sadder sights to be seen on Sadowa's sad

field, still more infallible signs of the most awful scene of carnage that this country has witnessed : the carcasses of horses, slain and flayed, were infecting the air around ; and not alone dead horses were still abounding above ground, but dead men also were yet lying unburied here and there, in ditches and hollows and out-of-the-way places. I counted fifteen of them collected in one spot near Chlum ; eight on a heap behind Lippa ; and I shudder to think how many more by twos and threes and fives elsewhere all over the wide area over which the battle had ranged and raged, more particularly to the right of the village of Probus and in Prim Park.

To what nation these dead men might have belonged in life, I know not, nor could it even be guessed with any degree of certainty, except that it seems a fair presumption to believe them to have been Austrians, as the Prussians would presumably have given attention first to the interment of their own dead. Still there might be Prussians among them as well as Austrians. In the case of only a few of them had even a tattered shirt, or the remains of a pair of drawers, been left on the poor slashed and smashed body, to run a race of corruption with it ; but most of them had been stripped to the skin by those hideous fiends, the despoilers of the slain and wounded. I saw some of these wretches prowling about even then ; they

offered "relics of the battlefield" for sale, but took to flight instantly whenever they caught sight of a Prussian uniform. In Prim (or Przim) Park, where I was wandering about solitary, I might, for a comparatively small outlay in Prussian coin, have become the lucky purchaser and possessor of a most desirable lot of broken lance-heads, grenade-splinters, flattened bullets, and bits of gunstocks, with a Prussian helmet complete, a small Austrian eagle, and the upper part of a dragoon's sabre thrown in to make the bargain more alluring. I had sufficient philosophy to decline the tempting offer, and *bien m'en prit*; for when I arrived at Nachod a few days after, my vehicle was rigorously searched for articles of the kind just described; the Prussian military authorities having determined meanwhile to put a stop to the wholesale robberies committed on the battlefield, and having to that end adopted certain vigorous measures, among which ranked the prohibition of conveying away so-called relics from the field, which had indeed been carried on to an alarming extent during the first days of the invasion of Bohemia by the Prussian forces. I was shown by a gentleman of the civilian persuasion a complete arsenal of weapons of war, Austrian and Prussian, most of them in a state of perfect preservation and usefulness, which the lucky possessor informed me had been so acquired by him for the

small sum of about ten thaler. A Prussian sutler had sold them to him. Some of these sutlers have turned out a bad lot altogether. I was informed that several of them had been stopped and [their carts searched; and that even their professed beer- and brandy-casks had been found choke full of this new species of contraband of war. Uniforms too and soldiers' clothing of every kind and description had been found hidden away in their wagons; also lint, bandages, compresses, and other hospital necessities—which certainly was the most shameful and culpable part of the business, as the poor wounded stood at the time in most urgent need of these articles.

To return to the unburied dead. The sight which these poor remains of what a few short days before had been living strong and valiant men—aye ready to meet death at the trumpet's call or at the roll of the drum—afforded to the beholder, was sad and depressing in the extreme. Some had had their heads carried off, others simply their skulls dashed in; others again were battered by grenades into a hideous shapeless mass; some had had their legs smashed; from others the life-blood had flowed through gaping gashes. And there they were lying all of them putrescent on the ground, which even seemed to deny them a grave; there they were blackening under the scorching rays, which a sun almost tropical in the

intensity of his heat darted upon their naked flesh and into the deepest recesses of the wide-gaping wounds; and there you might also see all-beneficent Nature's scavengers busy at work,—to shield the living, if possible, from so much corruption,—and the carrion-birds luxuriously feasting, and the worms creeping in, and the worms creeping out. And when, sickened with the horrid spectacle, you turned away your eyes, to throw them around in search of something enlivening and something consoling, perchance your glances would fall everywhere around — irresistibly attracted, as it were, by a species of occult magnetism—upon unmistakable vast graves, dug shallow in the hard soil, and imperfectly covered with earth, that in their wide bosom had peacefully bedded, in batches of from five to sixty and more of God's images, the dead foes who had so fiercely fought here, though many of them verily without the remotest notion of what it could possibly be all about.

Over some of the carcasses of dead horses the earth was literally sprinkled only. The wretched natives who had been compelled—certainly just as much for their own sake as for the sake of the foe who had conquered their master—to dig the graves and pits for the burial of the dead men and the interment of the dead horses, had shirked as much as they dared of the irksome work forced upon them. As you looked fixedly over the sur-

face of some of the flat mounds—if a seeming paradox be allowable here, to express the strange aspect which these graves presented to the sight—you fancied you could actually see them rise and heave, as if the dead within could not rest in them, and were striving to burst forth again into the outer world. And certainly this was not *all* fancy; but in some parts could be clearly traced the outlines of hands and arms that had got nearly bare of their earthy covering. And if you were given to speculation, one of the old superstitions of your childhood would come upon you quite involuntarily, and you would muse whether the hands striving thus to rise above the grave were the hands of men that in life had lifted them in unfilial strife against their parents.

It is one of Nature's wisest and kindest provisions that the earth should be the greatest, most effective, and most expeditious disinfectant. But even the earth cannot be expected to properly fulfil this most important function where it is applied in homœopathic doses only. Here every grave ought to have been dug deep into the soil, and a layer of at least five feet of earth ought to have covered the last row of dead bodies buried within. Had this been done, the ever destructive, ever reconstructive agencies of Nature, with no useless coffin or sheet or shroud to interpose their puny shield, would soon harmlessly perfect their

appointed work ; and the rank seed sown by the carnage of war, and thrown by fate into the routine rotation of crops in Bohemian agriculture, might, in the brief space of a few short years, simply sprout forth again beneficently in a long succession of fat harvests. But, as it was, unfortunately, in reality now, there were miasmatic exhalations rising from nearly every grave, from Cerekwitz down to Nechanitz, from Sadowa to Sendraschitz : wherever you turned about in these doomed fields, you were fated to inhale a fetid stench ; a poisonous pall enwrapped the air here for miles and miles around. One of the most immediate and most inevitable results had, of course, made its dread appearance already in the shape of cholera, and of cholera of the very worst kind, and most intense in its virulence. Soldiers, strong men—some of them apparently in robust health, others only slightly wounded—had died of this scourge at Gitschin, Horzitz, Nedelist, and other places on this plague line, in so short a time as one single hour after the appearance of the first symptoms. And, most unfortunately, there were even physicians of some learning there, who would still foolishly insist upon charging the cause of this fearful scourge solely, or at least partly, upon the wholesome cherry, and other fruit equally wholesome, and on the harmless refreshing cucumber ; which, of course, could only tend to distract at-

tention from the actual and sole cause of all the harm done and doing, and to prevent, or at least delay in some degree, energetic measures being taken to grapple with this new foe, a hundred times more formidable than all the host of Austria.

Most of the villages where the battle had chiefly raged presented a sad sight of destruction and desolation. Sadowa, a tolerably large village, lay deserted. Its industrial establishments—such as the great sugar-refinery of Mr. Urbanec, for instance, and most others—were abandoned for the time. It will take years to heal the wounds inflicted upon the land and its inhabitants in this district. Chlum had also suffered fearfully. Here my somewhat enthusiastically-inclined guide and friend showed me the Belle Alliance of the battle, the identical spot on which the Crown Prince and Prince Frederick Charles were said to have met on the afternoon of the glorious day, and embraced with deep emotion. But I must confess that I had even then, at a comparatively early period of my visit to the battlefields of Bohemia, seen too much of the dark reverse of the bright medal to feel disposed for the least corresponding outburst of enthusiasm; and the contemplation of the famous spot left me perfectly collected and rather cold. Besides, I had not much time given me, and was compelled to hurry from spot to spot; the more so, as the driver of my vehicle

was showing suspicious signs of an intention to bolt, leaving me to get back to Freiberg as best I might.

Nechanitz was one of the places to which I paid a hurried visit. It is a small, melancholy-looking little town, with a church built in the common, most unprepossessing Czecho-Slavonian style. The church did this much good at the time, however, that it accommodated several hundreds of wounded men. The town-house, or Amthaus, as they call it here, had also been turned into a hospital. An hour's drive took us from Nechanitz to Prim or Przim. In the park of Prim Castle the fight had raged most fiercely. All the farm-buildings, and also a large distillery, well known and well reputed in the neighbourhood for miles round, had been burnt down. The castle, with the chapel and a few barns and small cottages, had alone escaped, with more or less injury, however. The trees in the park also bore traces of the fierce fight. Here again the castle and the chapel were turned into hospitals for the wounded. From Prim we went to Probus, where I found, if possible, still greater destruction and desolation. It was chiefly to the right of this village, which had been the scene of one of the fiercest episodes in the great battle, that I met most of the unburied corpses. Here I made the acquaintance of an officer of the 56th regiment, belonging to the 27th

Infantry Brigade, 14th Division of the Army of the Elbe, commanded by Count Münster-Meinhövel. This officer told me all about the attack of his regiment upon Nechanitz, and subsequently upon Probus. He belonged to the fusilier battalion commanded by Lieut.-Colonel von Busse, which had formed the first line of attack in the onset upon Probus; the first battalion forming the second line of attack, and the second battalion the reserve. He gave me a most animated description of how hotly the possession of Probus had been contested by the Austrians, who had indeed fought most bravely here. The fusilier battalion to which he belonged, and which had marched in the van, had had three officers killed, and a dozen more or less seriously wounded. The commander of the regiment also, Colonel von Dorpowsky, had been severely wounded here.

This was not the last place I visited. But wherever I went, and wherever I sent my glances around,—at Briza, Wschestar, Nedelist, Sendraschitz, Maslowied,—everywhere I saw the same picture of desolation and misery unspeakable. I found a desperate sameness and a distressing family-likeness in every section of the great field on which well-nigh half a million of men in arms on both sides had contended on the ever-memorable 3d July 1866.



J. D. Watson del.

E. Evans sc.



Vergiss-mein-nicht.

BY CHARLES MILWARD.



The true Legend of the "Forget-me-not."

[The beautiful little flower so widely known under the name of "Forget-me-not" is said to have derived its appellation from the following German tradition : "Two lovers were sauntering along the banks of a river, when the maiden's attention was attracted by a cluster of strange-looking flowers floating on the surface of the stream. The youth, perceiving the object on which the maiden's gaze appeared to be riveted as by a spell, immediately plunged into the water, and secured the floral treasure ; but finding himself unable to regain the bank, he flung the flowers to the feet of his mistress, and, as the waters closed over him for ever, fondly murmured, 'Vergiss-mein-nicht,' Forget me not."]

I.

IN notes of manly pathos sang
A gallant son of Fatherland,
As with his heart's fond love he stroll'd
Upon a river's golden strand:
"When to the distant lands I go,
In freedom's cause to fire the shot,
Will that sweet heart, love, still be mine?
Vergiss-mein-nicht—Forget me not."

II.

“By yonder darkening clouds, which hide
The distant spot where lurks the moon;
By thoughts of all the songs you sing—
Of each I now forget the tune;
By all the promises you made,
And all your vows upon this spot;
In life, or death, we’re *one*, I swear.
Vergiss-mein-nicht—Forget me not.”

III.

“O, dat ish goot,” thus sang the youth,
“And sprachen like mine own true vrow;
The signal now mine comrades shoot,
So, dearest, I must make mine bow.
Those pearl-drops from thine eyelids wipe,
Thus from thy face the tears I blot:
Cheer up, mine lovely! One last kiss—
Vergiss-mein-nicht—Forget me not.”

IV.

Whilst thus their parting was delay’d,
The maiden’s tearful eye espied
A modest flower of rarest worth
As it was floating down the tide.
“O, what a beauty! Look! Pray *don’t*!
You swim no better than a shot.”
But in he jump’d, and gobbled out,
“Vergiss-mein-nicht—Forget me not!”

V.

“ Why from the bottom don’t you come ?
Why do you stay so long below ? ”
But a gurgle, gurgle, gurgle,
Only mock’d the maiden’s woe.
Wringing then her hands in sorrow
For her lover’s cruel lot,
In she tumbled—p’rhaps she found him ;
O’er them floats “ Forget me not.”

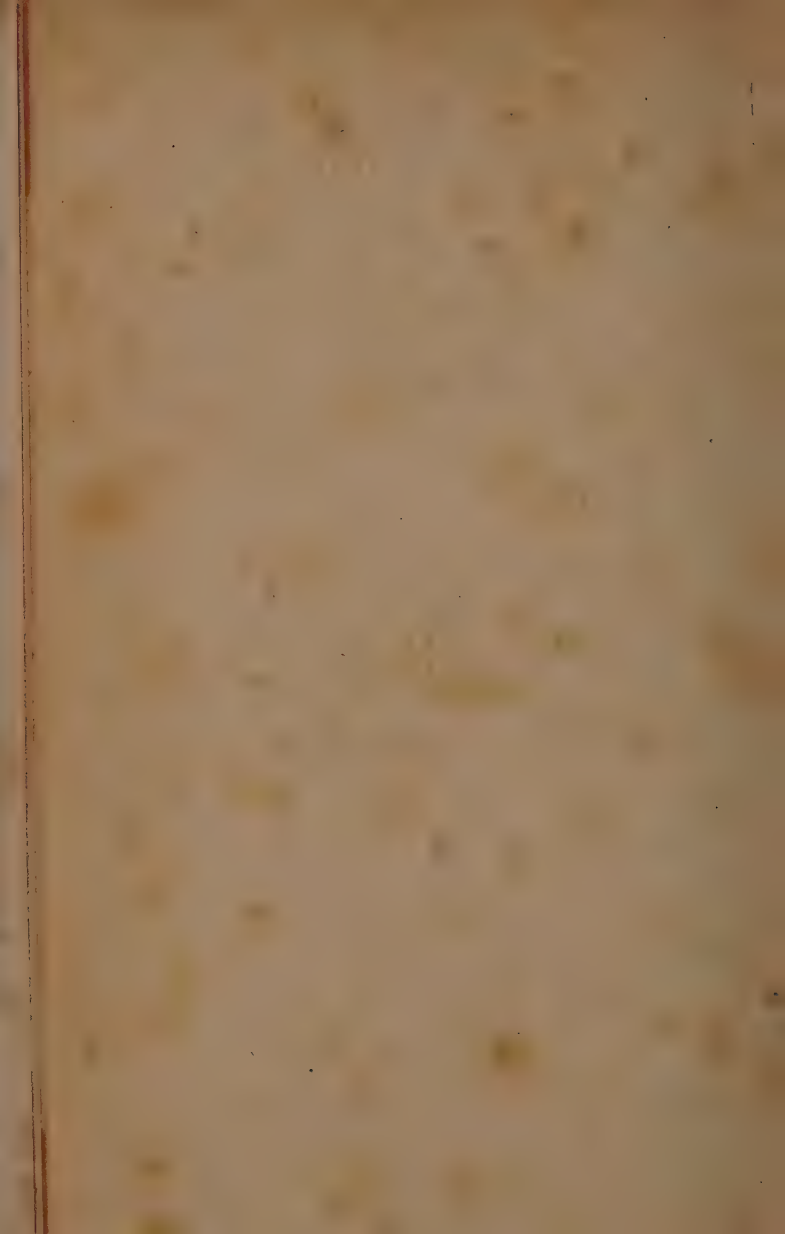
The End.

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